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## LIGHTHOUSE ISLAND.

A STORY OF THE NEW JERSEY COAST.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,  
BY THE AUTHOR OF "MY CONFESSION,"  
"ZILLAH, THE CHILD-MEDIUM," ETC.[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1887,  
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trict Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

## CHAPTER V.

Ruth Hallowell sat meditating. By the light of a farthing candle in her cavern cell she had been reading these lines from the book placed in her hands the night before by Spittfire:

"I grieve that words will rise and fall,  
That words will be written by—  
That all fair sights will live, and all—  
All shall abide, but I must die!"

And from the problem of Death she had passed to that of Life, till her heart "grew sad as sad can be." The volume was new to her. It was a collection of fugitive poems on all subjects, but evidently carefully selected for their pervading purity of expression and sentiment. Occasionally the girl encountered one that made her draw in her breath, from the very oppressiveness of its passion and pride. Of such a class was the following. She read it with eager, flashing eyes. It seemed to be the language of her own heart:

## "THE SOUL'S DEFIANCE."

"I said to Sorrow's awful storm,  
That beat against my breast,  
Rage on—thou mayst destroy this form  
And lay it low at rest;  
But still the spirit that now brooks  
Thy tempest, raging high,  
Undaunted on its fury looks  
With steadfast eye."

"I said to Poverty's meagre train,  
Come on—your thrills I crave;  
My last, poor life-drop you may drain,  
And crush me to the grave;  
Yet still the spirit that endures,  
Shall mock your force the while,  
And meet each cold, cold grasp of yours  
With bitter smile."

"I said to cold Neglect and Scorn,  
Pass on—I bend you not;  
Ye may pursue me till my form  
And being are forgot;  
Yet still the spirit which you see  
Undaunted by your wiles,  
Draws from its own nobility  
Its high-born smile."

"I said to Friendship's menaced blow,  
Strike deep—my heart shall bear;  
Thou cannot but add one bitter wo  
To those already there;  
And still the spirit that sustains  
This last severe distress,  
Shall smile upon its keenest pains  
And scorn redress."

"I said to Death's uplifted dart,  
Aim sure—oh, why delay?  
Thou wilt find me a fearful heart—  
A weak, reluctant prey;  
For still the spirit that endures,  
Triumphant in the last dismay,  
Wrapt in its own eternity,  
Shall, smiling, pass away!"

The last word died away before Ruth was aware that she had been, in her enthusiasm, reading the poem aloud! She had forgotten everything, even her own identity, and thus rightfully interpreted, all the passion, the despair of the poem welled unconsciously from her lips. She was startled into self again by hearing these words uttered close at her side,

"What is that? May I look at it a moment?" and a hand was extended, till it touched, half impatiently, the book. Looking up in astonishment, Ruth saw the stranger standing beside her. She drew back in some alarm, proffering the volume, which he took, and quietly withdrew again to his bed of straw. It was the first time he had directly spoken to her.

Disappointed, irritated, at being thus brusquely deprived of her new found treasure, yet, feeling she knew not why, glad that the poem found appreciation in another beside her,

Ruth sat down in a corner of the cell floor, with her elbows resting on her knees, and her eyes gleaming like coals of fire, resolutely set herself to watch this man's face as he read. She could not but acknowledge to herself as she did so, that he who appreciates a fine sentiment in literature, is next in rank to its originator.

Alternating on his pale, haggard face, she saw admiration and surprise as he perused each additional verse of the poem.

Grand! he heard him murmur, as he slowly turned the leaves of the volume after third and fourth perusal.

Ruth could not help it. She knew her opportunity was not demanded; she knew he was now even aware of her presence, but from obscure corner she put forth, smilingly, words—

"I think so, too! It is sublime,—it is a poem of actual poetry. I think so!"

"You! You think so?" He seemed suddenly to awaken. He turned around and looked at her keenly, and the labor-swollen hands supporting her head, and the bare feet appearing from under her coarse, faded, cotton dress, were items in the observation that did not escape attention. "You!" he repeated, not with a slightly contemptuous accent, "and you are you?"

"Surely the impatient stamp of one of the best feet before-mentioned, denoted accu-

ately the state of mind in which its owner received this speech.

"Who am I?" she said, in a tone of frigid irritation "I am—I am—myself!"

"Thank you for the information. I should not have suspected the fact, I assure you." And he turned grimly to the book again.

"Is this yours?" he inquired, at length.

"Yes. Give it to me." She reached out her hand haughtily.—The blood of rising anger colored even the extremities of her fingers, but her face was in no way indicative of wrath, other than in its cold, inanimate repose.

He did not rise, but indolently pushed the volume towards her on the floor, with the words,

"There it is,—thank you."

The man seemed to have the faculty of arousing evil in the breast of this young girl. This action made her cheeks burn with new displeasure.

"You shall bring it to me!" she cried, passionately. "I will not take it from you so!"

Jem Hallowell, who, at one side, was carving with his pocket knife, a toy from a piece of wood, now looked up and said,

"My stars, what a temper!" and concluded with a whistle that was more aggravating to his sister's feelings than all that had gone before.

Spurning the book with her feet, she passed quickly into the other room, where, casting herself on the various bales of goods with which it was strewn, she wept tears of anger, bitterness, and self condemnation.

It was not long before she knew some one was entering the apartment, and as she felt the book placed in her passive hands, she heard these words spoken:

"Here it is again—forgive my rudeness!"

She did not answer or look around, and as she stepped receded from the room, she resolved mentally not to expose herself to another scene of the kind during her sojourn in the cavern.

She decided to confine herself to the room in which she was then located, leaving the other entirely to her brother and his irritating and irritable companion. Burying herself in her poems, she sought and found consolation.

Books are oblivion. Never yet was there a poor, weary, starved soul that did not, in seeking, find this forgetfulness. It is one of the most blessed of God's gifts to earth. And Ruth's soul was starved, famished to no ordinary degree. She had tasted, but tasted only of the splendor of purely intellectual life, and a bitter hunger controlled her being for more of the great good. Therefore it was that in her book she found oblivion and peace, for the time.

The hours began to drag very heavily with all three of the inmates of the cavern. Each day saw them expectant of release, each night found them melancholy and despondent with defeated hope. Quarrels between Jem Hallowell and Spittfire grew incessant, while that important little woman never for one instant relaxed her tyranny over the stranger, whom now, by way of distinction, she designated "Old Boy." The title was resented invariably, but such unwise opposition as this only excited the more the woman's deplorable temper.

One day, after a terrible altercation between these two, which had even shocked Jem as well as his sister, Spittfire entered Ruth's room and asked her if she would like to walk up and down the cave awhile, by way of change of scenery. The girl joyfully consented, too grateful even for this temporary escape from her dismal confinement, and in an hour afterwards she found herself wandering back and forth, in company with her vigilant companion, however, over the white sandy floor of the cavern.

Again the glittering roof, resplendent with crystals, greeted her glad eyes, intensely thankful as they were for the blessed little rays of sunshine with which the place was penetrated. Again the sound of her voice, as it broke forth irresistibly, in light-hearted laughter or cheerful song, woke an hundred deep resounding echoes along the curving walls. She had lost now all fear of the spot, by contrast with the low, damp, unhealthy den where she had been imprisoned. It seemed to her like an enchanted palace. Grotesque goblins smiled glimmering smiles at her from the rocks, and strange, wild conceits peopled the entire place with beauty.

"You see, Miss Ruth," said Spittfire, in a confidential tone, as she walked demurely at the girl's side, "you see I only brought you out here 'cause I've got somethin' private to tell you. I wa'n't goin' to run the chance of the Old Boy hearin' of it. Look a here!"

She divined from the pocket of her greasy apron, and brought out a letter in company with two pieces of cheese, a jack-knife, an extensive assortment of bits of tallow candles, and some stray coppers.

"Look a here! What do you think of that?"

"What is it?" cried Ruth, eagerly; "a let-



THE OPENED LETTER.

ter for me?" and she put out her hand to take it.

But Spittfire withdrew a step or two, placed her lily finger on one side of her nose, and winked and whistled alternately.

"No yer don't, miss. 'Tain't for you, no how. It's for the Old Boy. I'll tell you all about it. Noah bid me. There, read the 'scripture if you want to."

"I don't," said Ruth, turning away.

She would not have touched the letter now for scarcely any temptation. She recalled vividly the only conversation she had ever had with him for whom it was intended, and a supreme disgust for everything concerning him revived her indignation anew.

"You see, Miss Ruth, 't'other day the Old Boy got round Noah, and coaxed him into gittin' him writin' paper and sich like, to send a letter to his folks ever so far off. Now, though I say it as shouldn't say it, Noah Williams is cute; undoubtedly he is—cute. He made the Old Boy tell him every word in the letter 'fore he sent it, 'cause Noah is no scholar himself, and can't read. And that you b'lieve he wa'n't even satisfied with that, but took it over in Jersey (when he went to get a wial full of doctor stuff for the baby), and showed it to somebody that wouldn't tell the boys here of it. There was nothin' in it to be afraid of, so Noah sent it. The answer was to come to Jersey, and Noah got it yesterday."

"Indeed!" said Ruth, beginning to move away.

"Yes, and now Noah wants you to look at it, Miss Ruth, to see if it is all right."

"Impossible! I never read or open other people's letters."

Spittfire was silent. Such an objection as this had not entered her imagination.

"Bother!" she ejaculated, sulking, "then the Old Boy will have to do without it. Noah'll burn it up 'fore he'll give it to him, if he don't know there's no mischief in it."

"Will he?" asked Ruth, suddenly facing about.

"Yes, as sure as Scripser."

"That would be a pity," and she resumed her walk.

After awhile she came back to where Spittfire still stood, twisting the letter over her fingers, and uttering some quite audible blessings both on it and its writer.

"Let me see it," she said.

She took it and saw upon it these words:

Philip Ahrenfeldt,  
Town of ————  
New Jersey.

Then she looked up and remarked, simply:

"You say that Noah wishes me to read this?"

"Yes, miss, and if you should tell me what's in it now, I can hand it over at once to the Old Boy himself. That is, if it is all straight."

"Very well."

With a firm touch she broke the seal and unfolded the paper. A bank bill rolled from it to her feet. She saw at a glance that Spittfire had not observed it, and to avoid its certain confiscation, she let it remain where it was, while she read aloud the letter. It contained merely expressions of condolence and a few words relating to the money, which seemed to be intended to defray the expenses of a return home. Ruth had the tact to omit the latter phrases, and coolly proffered back the epistle, saying that it was all right. Spittfire, however, declared herself to be in an "ortful hurry," and asking the young girl to give it to its proper owner, opened the door of the principal cell, half-pushed her in, locked it upon her again, and was gone.

Almost before she was aware of the woman's intention, Ruth Hallowell found herself in the presence of her two fellow-prisoners, with the open letter in her hand. For a moment she felt her uncomfortable position in its most acute bearing, but she rallied immediately, and became, at least to outward appearance, as calm as usual.

Forlorn, indeed, was the picture the cell presented. On the straw pallet lolled indolently and listlessly her brother Jem; he looked up at her darkly as she entered, but met her glance in dogged silence; indeed, he had scarcely

spoken to her at all since the last night they had been together at the light. To the left of the door was a small shelf, on which generally burned the only candle that was allowed in this room; beneath this, on the floor, with his head hidden in his folded arms, sat the man who, though he knew it not, owed his life to the lighthouse keeper's daughter. His matted hair, his hollow cheeks, only partially concealed by the long, thin fingers, his evident ill-health, his despondent attitude, each spoke with piteous meaning to the beholder. The resentment the young girl experienced for a past offence, faded altogether away. As he had not moved since her entrance, she fancied that perhaps he slept; going up to him she touched him lightly on the shoulder. He was not sleeping, for immediately he raised his head, assuming an expression of cool inquiry on recognizing his visitor.

"Will you tell me your name?" she asked gently, disregarding whatever there was unpleasant in his demeanor. He looked at her in some surprise. Evidently he was in no communicative mood.

"Pray, what is my name to you or yours?" he demanded rather roughly.

"Nothing." She uttered the word with dignity, but stood as though yet awaiting a reply. Her manner more than her answer seemed to arrest his attention.

"And what do you wish with my name? You see," he added, "in more senses than one, I will not have it taken in vain."

"Is it Ahrenfeldt—Philip Ahrenfeldt?"

The man's large, heavy eyes opened widely.

"How did you learn it, and pray why do you ask for it when you already know?"

"I did not know it—I conjectured it by this."

And she placed the letter in his hands, the seal broken, the sheet unfolded.

He received it in ominous silence, turned it this way and that, examined it without and within, a portentous frown gathering meanwhile on his forehead.

Then he smote the letter passionately from him.

"Who did this? In the name of heaven who did this? Who dared to open it?"

"I did."

"You?"

"Yes, I, but—"

"You opened it! And you stand here defying me to my very teeth! You come to me, shamelessly—"

"Be still," said Ruth, "be still and listen to me."

"Listen to you? I will not! I know all I ever wish to know of you. If you were a man, there is nothing—no punishment I should deem too bad to inflict upon you. But you are a woman, or at least you bear the semblance of one;—and say it again, tell me once more that it was you who opened that letter."

He strode up and down the narrow limits of the room, chafing with his great rage like a lion against the bars of his prison. Overwhelmed with dismay, Ruth leaned against the wall, pale and motionless. At last Mr. Ahrenfeldt paused before her, and eyeing her scornfully, asked:

"What tempted you—what knowledge of me were you striving after?"

"None," she replied, setting her lips firmly together.

"Oh! I understand. 'Twas just to while away an idle minute or two;—curiosity, the cause of original sin, had nothing to do with it. I feel enlightened."

"Mr. Ahrenfeldt, if you will allow me to make to you the explanation I have several times attempted to give, your satire will become useless. You interrupt—"

"Interrupt! I am to stand by I suppose and see my letters spied into with all the sweetness of a newly descended angel. And because you happen to be young, and, and—"

"Why do you not finish?" she asked, with an intense satisfaction at the annoyance she was about causing him. "I know what you were going to say. I saw your lips frame the word. Young and beautiful—go on."

"You are not beautiful," he said angrily, "and if I were about to use the term, it was be-

cause at that moment you appeared to me simply like a handsome fiend. Your gray eyes gleamed like hate, and—"

"With hate, perhaps," said Ruth coldly, "but finish, finish! 'Because you happen to be young'—and she burst out his fiery tone.

"I will finish—Young—yes, because you are a woman and young. You think to presume upon me with impunity. Do you know that you have offended against the laws of the land you live in—that you merit well its extreme punishment for your crime?"

"Perhaps so," she said with reticent composure, "I do not doubt you would dole it out to me in no stinted measure if you were able. But you have not told me if you find this important document satisfactory?"

"The devil!"

He resumed his walk, but far less impetuously than before. Observing this, and feeling in consequence altogether at her ease, Ruth began to experience a slightly malicious desire for some species of retaliation.

"Is there any news?" she asked, "really I think it is uncharitable in you not to enliven our solitude when you have the opportunity."

Her question was indiscreet, as she would have known, had she reflected.

"I scarcely consider it worth my while," replied Mr. Ahrenfeldt with sarcasm, "to repeat anything second hand. As you have already perused the letter, it would be a mere matter of breath and time to repeat its contents to you. Otherwise," and he bowed profoundly in mock reverence, "I should feel myself overwhelmed by the honor of such an expression of interest, emanating from such a source."

Confused, Ruth Hallowell looked half in pride, half in shame at the bare, discolored feet on which she saw his gaze was concentrated.

"I am the daughter of John Hallowell, the lighthouse keeper," she put forth with a display of girlish dignity, which, considering the circumstances, was rather amusing.

"Indeed!" was the ironical rejoinder, "allow me to congratulate you then, my charming Miss Hallowell, on your conspicuous and elevated position. I am really astonished, now I think upon it, that a person of your rank and distinction should condescend to pry into the letters of such an humble individual as myself."

As he spoke, Mr. Ahrenfeldt stooped and picked up the object of the dispute from the floor, and proceeded to peruse it. Ruth saw that this was no time for explanation, because he was not in a state to receive it, and, glad to escape from the pointed, sarcastic, unanswerable abuse with which he had so far rewarded her, she glided quickly to the room she had appropriated as her own. She had been there but a few moments, when furiously the door that joined the two apartments was thrust open, and standing on the threshold she saw the person of her tormentor. Angered as his features had appeared before, they were now actually distorted with passion.

"Excuse me," he said in that tone of suppressed vehemence, with some men more expressive of utter rage than the form it assumes generally—"Excuse me, but you have over looked something. The money! Do not dare to deny it. I am certain you have it about you." He advanced towards her almost menacingly. Ruth shrank from him in terror.

"I haven't it," she exclaimed desperately, "go away. Do not come near me. I would as soon touch your money as I would a viper. Go away."

But still he approached nearer. His hot, panting breath scorched her very face. She retreated to the wall. He followed.

"You haven't it!" he repeated sneeringly, "you haven't it, you little morsel of lamb-like innocence! Do you expect me to believe that?"

"No," said Ruth, overcome with fear, "I expect you to believe nothing. You are cruel. You refuse to hear my explanation—think what you choose. Only this, you shall believe—I have not touched your detested bank note—I would not if—"

"Bank note! There was a bank note then! How did you find that out, pray?"

"I saw it," was the fearless answer.

"Saw it! then you acknowledge?"

"I acknowledge nothing," cried Ruth, haughtily. "I have done only that which you yourself could not regret if you were aware of all. Let me pass."

"Not yet. I must and will understand this. Oh! if you were only a man—a man whom I could crush as I desire, and as you merit."

"My being a woman need not prevent the operation," was the irritated, defiant reply.

"Crush me if you will—if you choose."

"She ventures to dare me—she—this girl, this letter-breaker—she dares me to injure her!" He murmured the words between his teeth, as though they were too plentiful in wrath to find absolute utterance. He released his hold upon her arm, however, and stepping

back a pace or two, regarded her intently. For such hardness as this he was evidently unprepared.

Again Ruth Hallowell's eyes were bent in shame upon her nude feet, (it was a strange, unaccountable, instinctive shame which she had never known till that day,) and consequently she was not aware of this fixed mocking gaze.

"Why do you not call your brother," he asked at length, "why do you not bring him to the rescue?"

"There is no need."

"You do not fear me?"

"No—or at least," she added, correcting herself, "I think I can endure whatever you choose to inflict, without invoking your passion on Jem's behalf."

"What consideration! But come—this explanation, which you just now said I refused to hear; let me have it—give it to me!"

"You seem to think," said Ruth, bitterly, "that you have only to command, to be obeyed. Are you almighty—irresistible? Is your will law?"

"What do you mean? You know as well as I, that if there is anything you can say to make clear this cursed affair, I have an indisputable right to it. You are correct. In this case, my will is law."

"Then," cried Ruth, vehemently, the blood mounting impetuously to her forehead, "then allow me to assure you, that for once your royal will has met with an intractable subject. You have insulted me. Not only do I withhold all explanation, but I command you to leave my room, and immediately. Whatever may be my position, whether beneath your own, or not, I am a woman, and as a woman, I am entitled to respect. Go away!"

He looked at her for a moment as though astonished at this burst of feminine, wounded feeling. Then, without a word, he moved towards the door, but on reaching it turned and said, gently,

"I may be mistaken in you. I hope I am. If I have been unmanly, violent, remember my immeasurable provocation, and judge me accordingly. To prove to you that I desire to give you the benefit of the doubt as to your good or evil intention in this business, I leave you, at once, as you desire—leave you without seeking or expecting the explanation which I still insist is my right, as it ought also to be your exculpation."

Without glancing at her again, he opened the door and closed it behind him.

Agitated, annoyed, and amazed, Ruth was once more alone. She cast herself carefully on one of the huge bales of smuggled goods, which generally served her for a seat, the traces of excitement fading gradually from her cheek and eyes.

"What a strange, wild man," she said, musingly, "I think him excessively evil tempered, and very, very irritable—but is he after all, bad-hearted?"

## CHAPTER VI.

That night, when Noah Williams came to the cavern, bringing with him the usual evening repast for its three inhabitants, he and Spittfire called Ruth aside for a little while, to ask about the letter which the latter had committed to her charge that morning.

"I gave it to him," she evasively replied the young girl, when they questioned her. And farther than this she did not tell them. They had no particular reason for curiosity, and so the subject dropped. Ruth appeared depressed and listless. She had a pale, care-worn look on her handsome face, which was altogether foreign to it. Noah Williams observed this, at most immediately. Even his rough, unsympathetic heart was touched at such evident suffering, in one who had often done him and his, deeds of active kindness.

"Why, Miss Ruth, you be very white as a ghost."

"I dare say," said the girl, faintly smiling, "I am so, so tired of this place. I want air, exercise. I believe I shall die, Noah, if you keep me here much longer."

"Taint me, miss, as keeps you. If I had my own way, you should be up in the lights to-morrow, say, and Jem too, though he don't deserve it, Miss Ruth, he don't deserve it. As for the other feller, I can't tell what the boys means to do with him."

"No harm, I hope?" inquired Ruth, wearily.

"Oh, laws, no, miss," replied Noah, with a grin, and giving himself a shake, that seemed just to escape unsettling altogether, his loosely hung, awkward limbs, "oh laws, no. If the boys hadn't meant well by him, they wouldn't have taken the trouble to preserve his worthless life at all. Yes, Miss Ruth, if I had my will, you would be at the light this minute. But I has to follow the votes, you see, and the boys are all for keeping you here a few days longer. The weather and the tides has been cruel agin us, and we haven't done the half we expected to by this time. But I be real mad to see you lookin' so white, Miss Ruth. Can't Spittfire do somethin' for ye—give ye some kind o' doctor stuff?"

"No," said Ruth, laughing involuntarily at the thought of receiving Spittfire's prescriptions. "But I will tell you what you can do, Noah—shall I?"

"Yes, miss, certainly—I'm sure you wa'n't ask nothin' unreasonable."

"Nor will I. I want, simply, that little while give me permission to exercise for a little while in the cave, each day that I am here. If you are afraid to trust me, Spittfire might stay by me. But exercise I must have."

"Aftered to trust you! Not a bit of it. You knows that well, Miss Ruth."



And so it was arranged that for an hour or so every morning, Ruth should have the privilege of walking in the cavern, within, however, some certain limits, which were designated by Miss Williams herself. The very next day Ruth availed herself of the permission. She was too well known—the utter integrity of her character was too familiar, to permit a doubt as to the propriety of trusting her with this partial liberty, important as might be the consequences to the smugglers should she violate her parole. Spittire, it is true, acted somewhat the part of a guard, during these precious intervals of fresh air and health-restoring exercise, but it was not a constrained, officious watch, and the young girl felt almost as much at her ease as though she were conscious of none at all. In the demi-explorations she was thus allowed to make throughout the cave, she found that it was not as extensive by far, as she had previously imagined it to be. Spittire, meanwhile, took all precautions to keep her from local discoveries, that would have resulted in further unpleasantness between her and the smugglers, and though Ruth had of course her suspicions as to the existence in the cavern of various places of concealment for contraband cargoes, she held her peace, and sought no vain knowledge.

Grateful for the little liberty she already enjoyed, the idea of risking it for curiosity's sake, was not to be entertained. She had a wild exhilarating pleasure in wandering at her leisure up and down those white sands, or in climbing the steep precipitous sides of the cave, and perching herself, like a mountain goat, on some high, overhanging crag, to look down upon the picturesque abyss from which she had just ascended. By this means, too, she discovered many curious antique shells which had probably lain there for centuries, unnoticed and unsought for by the frequenters of the cave. She gathered whole handfuls of them, in time, and preserved them carefully in her own room, that she might take them with her when she returned to the light, as mementoes of her strange adventure, and of her sojourn in this subterranean place. Some of them should be for her sister Sonora, that sister who was perhaps even now occupying her place at the Lighthouse, fulfilling her duties and sustaining her aged parents under the trial of the involuntary absence of two of their children. Her sister! her own sister! the thought was pleasant. She tried to imagine what she must look like—and in her frequent moments of idleness, quite fashioned Sonora into a heroine, who, having become surfeited with the ways of the world and of society, was now come, just at the opportune moment to enlighten herself as to their proprieties and elegances—she who so longed, so thirsted for such knowledge! She speculated many and many a weary hour away over the probable cause of this cherished sister's return to Lighthouse Island. Was she unhappy? Had her adopted mother abused the trust confided in her? Or was it merely the result of a desire to revisit the home of her childhood? Alas, no—she could not believe that, for well she remembered that Sonora, as well as herself, had suffered bitter privations in youth, hardships infinitely greater than those she had endured alone after her sister's departure. John Halliwell's circumstances being altogether more straitened than, than now, because he had since received an increase in his salary as an officer of the government. What, then, had occasioned Sonora Halliwell to venture on this step? Ruth could but wonder in silence, fearing, as she hoped, and rejoicing as she doubted. Sonora was coming! That was enough.

One morning Ruth was walking rapidly up and down the cave, at that part where the door of her own room opened into it. She had left it unfastened, that a free current of air might enter to purify its stagnant atmosphere, and Spittire, from some occupation within the chamber, every now and then called to her as she passed. Presently Ruth began singing matches of songs, modulating one into another with an untutored, wild skill, that even to experienced listeners would not have been without its charm; embryo talents having always an attractive freshness.

Drawn by the sounds, Spittire advanced from the little room, and kneeling in hand, seated herself on the rocks, now and then looking up at her young companion as she paced back and forth before her. Once, grinning with delight when a quaint ditty more familiar to her than the rest, struck her attention, Spittire requested a repetition of "that air jolly one," and Ruth thus made aware of her presence, very amiably complied. Her voice was not a remarkable one, and it had little about it to excite admiration, excepting a certain quality of freshness, which a musician invariably esteems agreeable. When speaking, this characteristic was even more apparent than when singing. Ruth knew nothing of music as a science, but a correct taste, a good heart and a consciousness of intellect, made her, avoid natural, unassuming errors, and accept instead a quiet, unobtrusive, but expressive method of her own. That morning, Ruth happened to be in almost wild spirits; the prospect of a speedy release, together with the exhilaration of exercise, added to the general gaiety of her disposition. She scrambled up and down the rocks—she laughed aloud at the odd effect of the reverberating echoes, and danced hither and thither like a goblin escaped from elf-land, singing the most frantic, wildest airs she could recall to memory, and improvising to each one, rude, fantastic refrains, such as were never heard before or since. And all the while Spittire sat by with open mouth and eyes, an appreciative spectator.

At last Ruth amused herself by climbing to an elevation much higher than the others—perching herself on its extremity, she called laughingly and with burlesque dramatic action to Spittire to look upward. There was no need. Spittire had dropped her knitting, and with eyes distended to almost double their ordinary size, sat gazing at the young girl through the sort of hazy twilight that reigned perpetually in the place during the hours of the day.

"Lor, Miss Ruth, if you don't seem just like a play-actor woman, I declare!"

"Do I?" asked Ruth, with a merry laugh; "how funny! Well, now, Spittire, this is a capital place to stand and do the gestures, that I must sing you another song—something that will surpass the others all hollow."

"That couldn't be," said Spittire, with solemn admiration. "Couldn't be, no ways, Miss Ruth. That 'ere jolly one can't be beat!"

And she shook her head disdainfully at the profane idea. Ruth laughed again, a long, lingering, cheerful laugh, that filled the air like sunshine.

"Well," she said, "if you don't want me to sing, I'll recite verses. How will you like that?"

"Porty!" asked Spittire. "First rate, Miss Ruth."

So Ruth gaily established herself in a mock-tragic position.

"I dare say you will not understand one word, Spittire," she said, by way of prologue, "but as you will not be in that respect very different from audiences in general, I shall expect you to appear highly delighted."

"Sartin!" said Spittire, her pinched, unwomanly face quite aghast with wonder and admiration.

"You see these bits of shining spar; these shall be my footlights; look, I am going to place them at the edge of this little platform; so, that is quite grand. Now for it!"

"Oh, wait a minute, Miss Ruth, do," cried Spittire. "I don't know what's the matter with me, but I want to laff orf al." You won't be mad?"

"Not at all," said Ruth, stooping to rearrange her spar-footlights, "laugh as much as you choose, Spittire!"

So Spittire, without further delay, broke into a loud, shrill burst of piping laughter, that seemed, in a measure at least, to relieve her pent-up feelings. The instant she had finished, her queer face resumed its usual gravity as she remarked, coolly,

"That's all at present. Now, go ahead."

"You are quite sure you have finished, Spittire?" asked Ruth, solemnly; "because I am about to give you something exceedingly tragic; something, Spittire, that will make your hair stand on end—something that—"

"Oh, Lor, Miss Ruth, don't—don't!"

Ruth Halliwell scarcely seemed to hear the words. She stood on the rocks, her arms folded, her eyes cast upward to that magnificent arch of massive stone, thinking; thinking over all the fragmentary poetry which for years had lain dormant in her memory, hesitating again and again on which to fix her choice.

During this interval she forgot altogether to whom she was about reciting; her color kindled; she did not remember even her own identity, and when at last, in a low, unequal voice, she began repeating these few fugitive verses, no one would have recognized her as the merry Ruth Halliwell of the previous half-hour. There was a certain aberration of manner about her which proved conclusively that somewhere in her deep heart she realized the words her lips framed. It was a little poem called

#### OLIVE.

'Neath the purple shadows flitting  
Over yonder mountain side,  
Where the Autumn, crowned, is sitting,  
Laid me Olive when she died—  
Olive, proud though patient-eyed.

Fittingly the winds are sighing  
O'er the lone and wooded spot,  
Where in solemn peace is lying  
She whose memory dieth not.  
Beauty high, yet sweet and tender,  
Once illumined that faded brow,  
Which in lost and darkened splendour  
Lies beneath the green sod now;  
All the lofty, long-despairing,  
All the passion vain as deep,  
Which her woman's heart was bearing  
In a form, though noble daring,  
With her there in silence sleep.

If her days were dark and lonely,  
If her life was tempest-tossed,  
Sure, the bridge which she has crossed  
Leadeth up to Heaven only,  
And her soul its pain has lost!

One fair day, when shame was beaming  
In her mild and restless eye,  
Down by waters brightly gleaming  
Olive sadly wandered, dreaming  
Over other days gone by.

Then, with mad and sudden motion  
Of her white arms tossed in air,  
In that bright exulting action  
Buried she her deep despair;  
And her love, her wronged devotion,  
Pure as she herself was fair,  
Perished with her then and there!

'Neath the purple shadows flitting  
Over yonder mountain side,  
Where the Autumn, crowned, is sitting,  
Laid me Olive when she died—  
Olive, proud though patient-eyed.

Ruth's aspect as she began was cold, almost impassible, yet she had given utterance to but few lines, before she progressed to a vitality, an intensity and vigor of elocution worthy, perhaps, a better subject. There was indeed the abandon of genius in the tones of her voice, the glitter of her eyes, and her proud, graceful, unstudied action, as she told of Olive's

"Pierce though noble daring."

A little farther on where it speaks of the "mad and sudden motion of her white arms tossed in air," Ruth sprang forward with such wild, passionate and involuntary action to the very edge of the platform, that more than one voice broke the silence with indications of alarm. Looking downward, recalled at once to reality by the sound, Ruth Halliwell saw Mr. Ahrenfeldt standing just without her room, where, on finding that the door of connection between his own and it had been accidentally left unlocked, he had been attracted by the noise of Spittire's prolonged laughter.

"Bravo!" he cried, "but how dared you take that leap?"

"What leap?" demanded Ruth haughtily, excessively annoyed that any one should Spittire should have witnessed the scene that had just taken place.

"What leap! You cannot so soon have forgotten it, I am sure. I have not. My blood is still at freezing point."

"Powerful putty, wa'nt it?" said Spittire, rising and putting up her knitting, with a significant glance towards the open door beyond.

"Miss Ruth, I guess we can't spare time for no more singin' to-day. We'll preserve the rest for some fater period. Will you oblige us, me both of you, by goin' to where you came from?"

An hour or so afterwards, John Halliwell entered his sister's little domain, bearing a message from Mr. Ahrenfeldt, to the effect, that if Ruth had no objections, he should like five minutes conversation. The request was made in such an evident spirit of humility, that the girl could not reject it, more particularly that being human, and having no little share of a woman's proverbial curiosity, she felt piqued to know what could be the subject of the de-

stred interview. That she retained no very agreeable recollection of the last and only time they were alone together, was very evident to Mr. Ahrenfeldt, as following closely upon his messenger, she advanced, in obedience to his expected summons into the little room. Ruth's reception of her visitor, was characterized by a species of severe politeness, which would have been amusing, had it not been annoying. And man of the world as was Philip Ahrenfeldt, he was indeed both annoyed and confused in the presence of this simple-minded country girl.

"I am very sorry," he began, "I regret my words to you the other day, more than I can well express; I did not know the true facts of that detected affair, until a little while ago, after a conversation with Spittire. You must have thought me basely ungrateful."

"I did," said Ruth, frigidly, "but it was an ingratitude I easily pardoned, when I remembered your unconsciousness of the circumstances."

There was an uncomfortable silence.

"Can you, and will you pardon such vehemence, such ungenerosity, such—"

"Certainly," said Ruth, readily but coldly, "I had almost forgotten everything about it."

Mr. Ahrenfeldt raised his eyes suddenly, and looked at her curiously. Ruth's self-possession began to grow visibly less.

"You are mistaken," he remarked, still gazing at her face, "you have not forgotten it. Remember, this is my prophecy."

"And pray," demanded Ruth, now vexed beyond control, "pray, what are you, that your prophecies should be anything to me?"

"What am I?" he sat down on one of the bales, and laughed quietly. "That is almost equal to the honest question, which, if you have not forgotten that, too, you may remember, I asked you one day. It was 'who are you?' Come! ask it of me now, and I will answer."

"I care neither for the question nor answer."

"Why do you not add, nor for the answerer either?"

"Because that is already decisively understood."

"Good! I see you are disposed to be candid, if you have an indifferent memory. Well, we will allow the question to be understood too, and although it has not been uttered, I am going to reply to it. Will you not sit down while I do so?"

"I prefer standing."

"Indeed! That is a singular preference. You will excuse me if I retain my own comfortable seat? Well, now for the answer. However, let me inquire first if you have ever heard, by chance, perhaps, of one Sonora Halliwell?"

"Sonora!" cried Ruth, forgetting all irritation in her great surprise; "tell me what you know of her—Sonora is my sister!"

"So I have already conjectured; in fact, this morning I was certain of it."

"Have you seen her? do you know her? Tell me about her!—how strange, how very strange this is! Sonora! Is not this very, very singular?"

"Very singular," replied Mr. Ahrenfeldt, calmly picking up a stick and writing on the sandy floor; "very singular, indeed!"

Ruth had advanced close beside him, but in her excitement she became totally oblivious of the proximity. Her companion was evidently too much interested in his new occupation to observe it himself. There was a slight pause.

"Well," said Ruth, impatiently, "why don't you speak?"

"Speak!" echoed Mr. Ahrenfeldt, looking up, obliquely. "What would you have me say?"

"Anything—I am waiting to hear you."

"Are you?" he added, still continuing to write. "It is rather remarkable that I should have been doing the same thing for you. Suppose we speak both at once?"

Ruth turned away indignantly.

"You are trifling with me!" she exclaimed; "I was wrong to have allowed myself to become interested in what you said. I should have foreseen—"

But with an exclamation she broke off abruptly. As she moved away she had caught a full view of the characters her companion was graving in the sand. It was simply one name—his own; written over and over again, sometimes accompanied with delicate feminine embellishments, sometimes standing boldly and distinctly alone.

"Oh, that name, that name!" cried Ruth, suddenly enlightened. "How stupid, that the similarity did not strike me before! So, Sonora's adopted mother is an Ahrenfeldt!"

"And is this the first time that the idea has occurred to you?" he inquired, giving a grand flourish to his last signature; "is it possible that you and I have been living in this wretched den more than a whole week together, without having the most remote suspicion of the sort of connection existing between us?"

"I confess I do not see the connection even now."

"There is none, excepting that your sister, by birth, is mine by adoption. That is all."

"Then," said Ruth, with a sense of relief at having penetrated the mystery, "you must be the little Fred with whom, when Sonora and I corresponded, she used to write she was constantly in warfare."

"Not at all. I have only the honor to be the combative Mr. Fred's elder brother, at your service."

"Brother! Then you are the one who went abroad? I remember there were two Messrs. Ahrenfeldt. I do not think I have ever heard your name mentioned."

"Possibly not," he rejoined, carelessly, and then instantly he added, half-laughing, "but you have seen it written."

"I had forgotten," she said, reddening, and a silence ensued for some moments.

"Will you not sit down now?" at length asked Mr. Ahrenfeldt. "Will you not sit down now, sister Ruth?"

She colored, and with a gesture of impatience declined the proffered seat.

"So," he said, "you will not be my sister?"

"No," said Ruth, fearlessly, "I will not

have the title decried in that way. It should be sacred always. Besides, I cannot but recall how, not long ago, in the very same tone in which you used that word 'sister,' you denominated me a handsome fend. You must excuse my candor, but, notwithstanding this discovery, I am not, if I shall ever be, prepared to receive or acknowledge you as a friend. I tell you frankly, that I do not like you, worse, I think at this moment I could almost hate you, and your being the adopted brother of my only sister shall not bribe me into false appearances."

"In all that you are quite correct," said Mr. Ahrenfeldt with composure, "and for the present we will waive the obnoxious title. As to the other, and still more offensive one, I will not even ask you to recall the apparent provocation that gave rise to it, but simply trust to your generosity to forgive and forget. It was drawn from me in a moment of passion, when enfeebled by ill health, and that hope deferred, which I believe is said to make the heart sick, I could not control properly either myself or my temper, which is none the best under any circumstances."

"That is precisely the conclusion at which I have arrived," said Ruth drily.

"As to your desire to hate me," continued Mr. Ahrenfeldt, scarcely heeding the interruption, "allow me to say that to that I have not the least objection in the world. Hate me, if you choose, deeply, intensely, bitterly. The more the better. And do not, I beg of you, abate one jot of your dislike on the ground that I or my family have befriended your sister. Is it settled? Do you agree to disagree?"

The words were fair and frank enough. It was the future smile that accompanied them which displeased. She was glad when he rose to return to his room. Just as he had his hand on the knob, she thought herself suddenly of something which it was necessary to make known to him.

"Wait one moment, I have an explanation to render. You have apologized to me. Otherwise you should never have heard what I am about to say. That money—that bill—"

"My dear Miss Halliwell," he said, facing her at once, "I beg you will not mention anything connected with that horrible business of the letter. If the money is lost it can be replaced. There is plenty more where that came from. All you can say on the subject will, I assure you, be quite unnecessary, because my sense of your entire integrity could not be established on a firmer foundation than it is. I have faith, perfect, implicit faith in you as regards this affair. Whatever you have done, I am convinced you did under a conviction of duty. From the hour when you commanded me to leave this room, and boldly affirmed the dignity of your position as a woman, I felt that I had wronged you even by a suspicion. Since my talk with Spittire I have become sure of it."

"You did wrong me," said Ruth eagerly, her lips quivering with emotion she found difficult to repress, "and I am thankful you have ceased to harbor the idea. Still, that does not render my personal expiation less imperative. As I unfolded your letter, the bill, unnoticed by Spittire, rolled down on the sand, and afterwards she did not give me time or opportunity to pick it up. I should not have opened the letter only that otherwise, it would never have reached you at all. Are you satisfied?"

"I was thoroughly satisfied before you began," he said, twisting with both hands the ends of his moustache. "And I am now reminded to tell you that I am afraid, by my interview with Spittire this morning, I have removed you from her good graces. In speaking of the letter, and while listening to a long account of the whys and wherefores of its having been opened, I let fall, accidentally, something concerning the money. Good powers! you should have seen the rage into which she flew! Absolutely she grew black in the face! She declared you had deceived her—that she knew nothing of any money—went away, as usual, banging the door after her, and what is not usual, swearing all sorts of vengeance against you."

"I am sorry," said Ruth gravely. "I suppose that now I shall have no more walks in the cave. I am very sorry."

"Do you regret it so much? I had no idea it was a matter of any consequence to you."

"It is of consequence so far as regards my health, but no further. Good-morning."

"I see you wish to be rid of me. I am going. Yet first tell me, should I contrive to settle this affair with Spittire, amicably, have you any objection to my joining you in your walk to-morrow morning?"

"You cannot settle it—I am sure of it. Spittire's confidence in my integrity is destroyed."

"Leave all that to me. Will you, or will you not allow me to walk with you?"

"It is not worth while to answer that question either negatively or affirmatively, because I am entirely certain that even should the woman's belief in me be restored, you would not be permitted, during your confinement here, a similar privilege."

"Do you think so," he said, with some little display of piqued power.

"I more than think so. I have already told you of my conviction as to the certainty of the thing."

"Very well. To-morrow, at this time, we shall have seen which of our presentiments is fulfilled. Give me, meanwhile, your permission to join you."

"If I do so," said Ruth, annoyed at his persistence, "if I do so, remember it is not because I like you or wish to like you. You force the truth from me. Go! if you can, or if you choose! I have no desire to deprive you of the benefit of the change of scene, if fortune places it in your power."

"Your frankness is annihilating," said Mr. Ahrenfeldt, with an ironical obeisance. "It is settled, then."

And as he went away, Ruth stood gazing at her coarse dress and the bare feet beneath it, with that indefinable, intuitive sense of shame burning again in her breast.

"How strange," she said, "that I did not ask more about Sonora—dear, dear Sonora!"

The next morning, when Spittire came to the cave, Ruth heard, for a long while, her shrill, disagreeable voice in stormy argument with the more sonorous organ of Mr. Ahrenfeldt. She could not, through the closed door, distinguish a word of the conversation, but judged from the woman's high, angry tones that it was but

a repetition of the contest that took place so frequently between them. At length, the tumult ceased, and Spittire, entering Ruth's little room, gruffly but civilly bade her the usual "good morning," and signified that she was at liberty to take her daily walk. Ruth needed no second bidding, and discreetly kept her wonder to herself, as she availed herself of the permission. Her astonishment increased when she discovered, standing without the doorway as she passed into the cave, and apparently awaiting her coming—Mr. Ahrenfeldt. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

#### THE NEW-MOWN HAY.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

When swallows dart from cottage eaves,  
And farmers dream of barley sheaves;  
When apples peep amid the leaves,  
And woodchucks scent the way—  
We love to fly from daily care,  
To breathe the buxom country air—  
To join our hands and form a ring—  
To laugh and sport, and dance and sing.  
Amid the new-mown hay.

A stranger comes with eyes of blue;  
Quoth he, "I'm Love, the young and true;  
I wish to pass an hour with you.  
This pleasant summer day—  
Come in, come in, you saucy elf!  
And who's your friend?" 'Tis Friendship's self."

Come each—come both, our sports to share;  
There's welcome kind, and room to spare.  
Amid the new-mown hay.

The ring is formed; but who are these?  
Come, tell your errand, if you please;  
You look so sour and ill at ease,  
You dim the face of day!  
"Ambition!" "Jealousy!" and "Strife!"  
And "Scorn!" and "Wearyness of Life!"  
If such your names, we hate your kin;  
The place is full, you can't come in.  
Amid the new-mown hay."

Another guest comes bounding by,  
With brow unclouded, fair and high—  
With sun-burnt face and roguish eye,  
And asks your leave to stay.  
Quoth he, "I'm Fun, your right good friend!"  
"Come in, come in, with you we'll end!"  
And thus we frolic in a ring—  
And thus we laugh and dance and sing,  
Amid the new-mown hay.

#### A FEW THINGS ABOUT TOBACCO.

The introduction of tobacco into the Eastern hemisphere is exceedingly doubtful as to date and origin. In 1492 Christopher Columbus discovered the population of Cuba inhaling the vapors of the plant for which that island is still celebrated. In 1559 it was imported into Spain and Portugal, by Hernandez de Toledo. In 1560, Jean Nicot, the French Ambassador in Portugal of Francis the First, introduced the herb into his native country. Meyen informs us that the consumption of tobacco in China is enormous, and the custom of great antiquity. On very old sculptures, he has observed tobacco-pipes of the form still in use. The plant which furnishes the Chinese with tobacco is said to grow wild in the East Indies—and the tobacco plant of Eastern Asia is quite different from the American species. Moreover, in the tombs opened during the last expedition to China, a pipe was always found placed near the dead.

Sandys, writing in 1610, mentions smoking tobacco as a custom recently introduced at Constantinople by the English. But Lieut. Walpole speaks of an old Arabic MS. at Mosul, in the first chapters of which the author declares that Nimrod was a smoker; and there exists at the British Museum an Assyrian cylinder wherein may be seen a king smoking, through a long reed, from a round vessel. The same author narrates a Persian legend, to the effect that Shiraz tobacco was given by a holy man to a virtuous youth, disconsolate at the loss of a loving wife. "Go to thy wife's tomb," said the anchorite, "and there thou wilt find a weed. Pluck it, place it in a reed, and inhale the smoke as you put fire on it. This will be to you wife and mother, father and brother," continued the holy man in Homeric strain; "and, above all, will be a wise counselor, and teach thy soul wisdom and thy spirit joy."

Some of the greatest names in literature and science have been advocates and votaries of the art. Lord Bacon says of tobacco, that "no doubt it hath power to lighten the body and to shake off uneasiness." "Warburton," Mr. Steinmetz informs us, "was a most inveterate smoker. So was Sir Isaac Newton." Of the latter an anecdote is related, that he daily went to smoke his pipe in the society of a lady, who thence considered herself the object of his attentions. Daily did she expect some declaration; but in vain. He sat contemplating her in silence through the delicious mists of his own compelling. One day, however, after sitting some time apparently in deep thought, he moved his chair towards her. The moment was at length arrived. Her soft heart palpitated at his approach, as he drew his chair nearer and nearer. Now he is by her side. He takes her lily hand, which lies unresisting in his. He selects the fairy index, and with it firmly presses the tobacco in his pipe-bowl—then resuming his original position! In modern days the use of tobacco is consecrated by the greatest minds of the age. Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton has apostrophized smoking. Mr. Tennyson is said to have symbolized the practice in his "Lotus-Eaters." Bartholomew, a French poet, has devoted a whole poem to celebrate this pursuit. On the other hand, many great names have declared against it, including Napoleon the Great, who having been unable to undergo the ordeal of a first pipe, stigmatized it as a habit only fit to amuse sluggards. Our own opinion, founded on close observation, and the judgments of scientific men, is adverse to it. It is objectionable on the score of sweet breath and cleanliness, and is also very injurious to health and life.

THE DOCTORS IN THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.—Surgeons, according to Arden, quoted by Andrews, used at this time to take bonds of their patients, to make certain of their reward for a cure. "They who practised as medical men," says Cassano, quoted by Henry, "may be divided into five classes. The first applied poisons to all wounds and abscesses. The second, for the same cases, used wine only. The third treated wounds with ointments and soft plasters. The fourth, who generally followed the army, used charms, potions, oil, and wool. The fifth were old women chafers, who in all cases had recourse to the chafts."

AN UNFAMILIAR SERMON.—A clergyman in the vicinity of Auburn, New York, was lately suspected of preaching heresy. The Presbytery came together to investigate his case. The suspected brother asked that he might have the privilege of setting forth his views in a sermon, which was granted. The sermon was preached, and every member of the Presbytery pronounced it heretical, and much of it absurd. After a whole day had been spent in condemning him and his sermon, the poor man arose, and remarking that he saw they had come determined to find him guilty, said—"I have a disclosure to make, which will be most painful to you. That sermon which I read to you, was Dr. Chalmers's Thirty-second Lecture on Romans!" The Presbytery immediately adjourned sine die.

THE WOMAN WHO MADE A POUND OF BUTTER out of the cream of a joke, and a cheese from the milk of human kindness, has shown washed the close of a year, and hung 'em dry on a bee line.

#### GOD'S PURPOSES IN ALL THINGS.

We know not the eternal purposes of God. We look at the immediate and transient result, not at the ultimate and permanent. Thus, the mariner cannot come to port by reason of the storm and rocks which obstruct his course; he thinks the weather imperfect, the world not well made, and you often hear men say—"How beautiful the world would be if there were no storms, no hurricanes, no thunder and lightning!" While, if we could overlook the cosmic forces which make up the material world, we should see that every storm and every rock was needful; and the world would not be perfect and accomplish its function, had not each been just in its proper time and place.

An oak tree in the woods appears quite imperfect. The leaves are curled up and spoiled by the leaf-roller; cut to pieces by the tailor-beetle, eaten by the hag-mouth and the polyphe-mus, the slug caterpillar and her numerous kindred; the twigs are sucked by the white-lined tree-hopper, or cut off by the oak pruner; the horn-bug, the curculio and the timber-beetle eat up its wood; the gad-fly punctures leaf and bark, converting the forces of the tree to that insect's use; the grub lives in the young acorn; fly-catchers are on its leaves; a spider weaves his web from twig to twig; caterpillars of various denominations gnaw its tender shoots; the creeper and the woodpecker bore through the bark; squirrels—stripped, flying, red and gray—have gnawed into its limbs and made their nests; the toad has a hole in a flaw of its base; the fox has cut asunder its fibrous roots in digging his burrow; the bear dwells in its trunk, which worms, cunets, bees, and countless insects have helped to hollow; ice and the winds of winter have broken off full many a bough. How imperfect and incomplete the oak tree looks, so broken, crooked, cragged, gnarled and grim! The carpenter cannot get a beam, the millwright a shaft, or the ship-builder a solid knee for his purpose; even the common woodman spurs that tree as not worth felling; it only cumber the ground. But it has served its complicated purpose, given board and lodging for all these creatures, from the ephemeral fly, enjoying his transient summer, to the brawny bear for many a winter hibernating in its trunk. It has been a great wood-land caravansary, even a tavern and a chateau, to all that heterogeneous swarm; and yet no man but a painter thinks it a perfect tree—and he only because the picturesque thing serves his special purpose—but no doubt the good God is quite contented with his oak, and says—"Well done, good and faithful servant!" He designed it to serve these manifold uses, and to furnish beauty for the painter's picture and meaning for the preacher's speech. Doubtless it enters into the joy of its Lord, having completely served his purpose. He wanted a caravansary and chateau for those uncounted citizens. To judge of it we must look at all these ends, and also at the condition of the soil that had a superabundance of the matter whereof oak trees are made.

We generally look on the world as the carpenter and millwright on that crooked oak, and because it does not serve our turn completely, we think it an imperfect world. Thus men grumble at the rocky shores of New England, its sterile soil, its winters long and hard, its cold and biting springs, its summers brief and burning, and seem to think the world is badly put together. They complain of wild beasts in the forest, of monsters in the sea, of toads and snakes, vipers and many a loathsome thing—hideous to our imperfect eye. How little do we know! A world without an alligator, or a rattlesnake, a hyena or a shark, would doubtless be a very imperfect world. The good God has something for each of these to do; a place for them all at His table, and a pillow for every one of them in Nature's bed.—Parker.



## THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

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All the Contents of the Post are set up Expressly for it, and it alone. It is not a mere reprint of a Daily Paper.

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ADVERTISEMENTS.—The POST is an admirable medium for advertisements, owing to its great circulation, and the fact that only limited numbers are given. Advertisements of new books, new inventions, and other matters of general interest, are preferred. For rates, see head of advertising column.

## PROSPECTUS.

For the information of strangers who may chance to see this number of the POST, we may state that among its contributors are the following gifted writers:

WILLIAM HOWITT, (or ENGLAND,) ALICE CARV, T. S. ARTHUR, GRACE GREENWOOD, AUGUSTINE DUGANNE, MRS. M. A. DENISON, EMMA ALICE BROWN, The Author of "AN EXTRA JUDICIAL STATEMENT," The Author of "ZILLAH, THE CHILD MEDIUM," &amp;c., &amp;c.

We are now engaged in publishing the following novel, WHICH WILL BE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY WITH APPROPRIATE ENGRAVINGS:—

## Lighthouse Island.

An Original Novel, by the Author of "My Confession," "Zillah," "The Child Medium," &amp;c.

The following—WHICH WILL ALSO BE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY WITH ENGRAVINGS—will be published in due season:—

## FOUR IN HAND; OR THE BEQUEST.

Written for the Post, by GRACE GREENWOOD.

## THE RAID OF BURGUNDY.

A TALE OF THE SWISS CANTONS.

By AUGUSTINE DUGANNE, Author of "The Lost of the Wilderness," &amp;c., &amp;c.

In addition to our original novels, we design continuing the usual amount of FOREIGN LETTERS, ORIGINAL SKETCHES, CHOICE RELECTIONS from all sources, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, GENERAL NEWS, HUMOROUS ANECDOTES, ENGRAVINGS, VIEW OF THE PRODUCE AND STOCK MARKETS, THE PHILADELPHIA RETAIL MARKET, BANK NOTE LIST, &amp;c. For terms, see the head of this column.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Respectfully declined: "Lights of the City," "Meditations," "To Maria," &amp;c.

VOLTA VARE, respectfully declined.

LOUVE TERE. Any time after the frost takes the leaves off in the fall, and as early in the spring as the frost will permit, is the time for planting locust trees.

## THE BRITISH IN INDIA.

One of the really serious events of the day—of which the latest steamer brings us the minute details—is the tremendous revolt of the native troops and people in India. So broad and serious is this insurrection, that the British Government has finished the work which the sepoy soldiers began, by disbanding the remaining twenty of the mutinous seventy six regiments, so that the Bengal army is now dissolved. Everywhere throughout India the feeling of the natives against the British is desperate and deep. The power of the British Government in that country is trembling to its foundations. Whether the popular earthquake will resume its throes, and throw down that colossal structure of misrule and oppression, cemented together with the best blood of Hindostan, is yet to be seen. The final result of this wild and force fermentation of native feeling, is not to be foretold; but the matter looks very serious, and the omens are against Great Britain.

The explanation of the insurrection, as given by the English journals, is, briefly, that the natives became in some way possessed with the idea that their religion was to be interfered with, and consequently rose in rebellion. But when we consider the character of the British policy in India, and the pretences of the British officials in that country from their first year of occupation, we need be at little pains to divine that the real cause for the rebellion may be found in that feeling of intense, burning, exasperation and hatred which long years of insolent oppression must have engendered in the people of Hindostan, and which any trivial circumstance might at any time call into action. This feeling has undoubtedly been aggravated by a state of circumstances recently described in Parliament by Lord John Russell and others, which may be briefly stated as follows. In former times both civil and military officers went to India with the understanding that they were to spend their life-time, so to speak, in that country, and they therefore accustomed themselves to consider it as their permanent home, and became in a great degree intimate with the character and conditions of its society and life, and also in a great measure practically identified therewith, and assimilated thereto. Hence they were, in some sort, regarded as natives, and not aliens, and the consequences of their residence and rule were only the ordinary consequences of any ordinary tyranny. But of late years, it seems that the government has sent men to India—true snobs—who have only remained in the country for a certain season, or who have oscillated between India and England, and who have been at great pains to show the natives that they are not at all related to them either in blood, sentiment, or interest, and have also been accustomed to treat them with all manner of insolence and ignominy. Hence the native soldiery, constantly insulted and outraged by those supercilious scamps, and constantly cherishing in their hearts a sullen and sultry rage, have long been in a good condition for open rebellion. The intensity of their hatred for their officers, as well as for all other Europeans, may be judged by the vigor and ferocity of the massacre they perpetrated at Delhi and other places, as well as by their present implacable resistance.

It may be that we shall soon hear of the complete suppression of the revolt by the English

authorities, and the thorough reinstatement of the British power in India. It is possible, too, that this is but the beginning of a movement by which India will be lost to Great Britain. We hope it is. We have always done the British Government and people justice, and while we speak frankly of their faults, we speak as frankly of their merits and are their well wishers and friends. We cannot wish them well in a better way than by wishing they may lose India as they lost America. True—it would be a serious pecuniary loss to them; it would be besides a transient commercial injury to other nations, America included, who have interests there. But it might possibly teach them, as well as other nations, that the everlasting law of justice is not to be violated with impunity. We say, possibly, for we know that nations are too apt to drop the lessons of their experience. But there is always a chance that the latest warning may be taken to heart; and if Britain learned little when she lost her American colonies, she might learn more by the loss of her possessions in the East.

The conduct of the British Government towards India constitutes no ordinary violation of right. The British supremacy in that country is bottomed on the most mean and monstrous wrong that ever sullied the history of nations. We have had occasion to speak heretofore, sternly and strongly, of the character of Rome. But Rome invaded and subjugated the world for a sentiment—that sentiment the military greatness and national glory of the Roman State—the passion and the pride of domination. Her national existence was a constant crime, but the crime was not devoid of an infernal grandeur. The subjugation of India by the British power was, on the contrary, robbery for the lust of gain. It was the pedlar of Liverpool and Manchester—with his pack of cottons and calicoes on his back, and his Bible in his pocket—putting a pistol to the ear of the victim on whose neck he has his heavy boot, and saying, "Give me all you've got, buy everything I have, and serve my interests henceforth on my own terms, or I'll blow your brains out." That is Great Britain's figure and attitude and speech the world over, and they were the same in India as elsewhere. Her subjugation of that country was shameless public robbery and murder for commercial ends, with that superadded accumulation of subsequent tyranny, cruelty, insolence, and various villainies—as on which Edmund Burke left an indelible brand, in his philippic against Warren Hastings. To think that such a crime as this could go unpunished, would be to doubt the justice of God.

We do not desire Great Britain's downfall. On the contrary, we desire her long and prosperous duration, and it is because we desire this, that we wish some calamity as the loss of her East Indian possessions, might befall her, hoping that she might thus learn that honesty is the only policy, and hoping also, that other nations might profit by her example. There is too much theft in this world—too much domination of the strong over the weak—too much crushing out and putting down—both by the cruel hand and the crafty brain. Twice blessed then would be any national calamity or disaster, which would instruct men that only they who win by justice and gentleness win truly—that the sure result of every other conquest, is insurrection and ruin—violent, overwhelming insurrection and ruin! Little would the thoughtful man recollect any national loss consequent upon a national injustice, if thereby mankind could learn that mutual regard for all human rights and interests is the only means by which the prosperity and happiness of any people, or of the race, can be secured.

## AN OBJECT OF INTEREST.

It is curious to notice how often trifles become of great importance in the estimation of even serious men—that is, men with whom life is not a child's game, but a tug and struggle. During the past week we have read the gravest and most interested editorials in the various papers, and we have seen the faces of the public grow thoughtful and anxious—about what? Deep, sincere, widely-spread feeling has been awakened—brows have grown sober and eyes speculative, far and near—and about what? Why, simply, about the result of a horse-race in England. What an incident to engage the attention of this reputedly earnest, ambitious, toiling, striving, conquering people! This horse-race has been actually one of those things which Lord Bacon says "come home to men's business and bosoms." Strange enough, when we think of it, but also true. By some odd jugglery of thinking, our people arrived at the conclusion that the race between the European and American horses for the Goodwood cup, was a race between Europe and America—that the accidental fitness of the animals was intimately connected with the national eminence and renown, by no means accidental, of the several nations, and that, in fact, the contest was not between the horses, but the countries. What a blunder! The exultation at the result of the regatta in which the yacht America so signally won, was natural and sensible, for the success was a palpable proof of the superior genius of American shipwrights, and in that contest, we owed the victory to the work of our own hands. But our horses are not the work of our own hands—are they? We can build wood and hemp and canvas into a beautiful miracle of naval architecture, and give it the strength and speed that make our clippers the talk of Christendom, but can we build a horse, and give him Flemish vigor and Arabian fleetness? Not at all. Some savage Borcher or Redoubt might ride into our race-course on his wild, proud, snorting stallion, and flash past our swiftest steeds; but would that redoubt so very much to the credit of Morocco or the Desert, and prove either of them superior in any way to Christendom? On the whole, must not the only fair international contest for the crown and palm, be a contest between our men and not our animals?

But the race is over, the Goodwood cup is lost and won, and the eager eyes which have been so long strained across the wide Atlantic, earnestly watching the operations of that very distinguished, Knickerbocker-named, American gentleman, Mr. Ten Broeck, under whose auspices the American horses, Pryor and Priores, ran their course,—have now relinquished their outlook, and are clouded with pique or pensiveness with disappointment. For Pryor and Priores have been beaten—whether fairly or slowly,

nobody definitely knows. All that is known is that the American horses were immensely distanced, and the consideration which at present galls the American mind is that we are down, and that John Bull is deliriously dancing over us. We are not sure but that there will be a war in consequence of this state of affairs. We judge by the gloomy faces and ominous voices with which people interchange their reflections on the result of the match, that the national honor is in some way terribly tarnished by the defeat of Mr. Ten Broeck's horses, and that blood alone can wipe out the injury. But we sincerely hope not.

There is really something very small and frivolous in all this pother about a mere horse-race. Is there not something sad, too, in the spectacle of this intense public interest in such a trivial matter? Thinking deeply of it, is it a cheerful reflection, and does it make the prospect of the Good Time Coming seem bright and near, that so many people are tranquil and torpid over the great questions and eternal interests of the individual soul, the community, the nation and the world, and alert and alive only when Mrs. Cunningham's laboring mountain of fraud brings forth its futile mouse, or the burly bruisers beat each other skillfully in Canada, or French horses run with English and American horses in England? This supreme interest in temporary and petty affairs conjoined to this supreme apathy regarding the problems of Time and Life—is it cheering?

"America," says one of the papers, "was represented abroad by horses which were not the fleetest we have!" America was represented abroad by horses—was she? Ah, well; it is fortunate. America is so often represented at home and abroad by a different kind of animal.

INFORMATION WANTED.—If any person can give any information to the Danish Minister, in Philadelphia, about James Augustus Keill, a Printer, it will be thankfully received by his brother, C. KEILL, of Booneville, Missouri.

A pretty idea is evolved in the following little parable of poetic diction:

Cupid near a cradle creeping,  
Saw an infant gently sleeping;  
The rose that blushed upon his cheek,  
Seemed a birth divine to speak.To ascertain if earth or heaven,  
To mortal this fair form had given,  
He, the little urchin simple,  
Touched its cheek and left a dimple.

Most men seem to consider their school learning as if it were like a tadpole's tail, meant to drop off as soon as the owner comes to full growth.

Insults, says a modern philosopher, are like counterfeit money; we can't hinder them being offered, but we are not compelled to take them.

BOTH HANDLES.—A Western paper offers to write "Mr." before, or "Esq." after the names of each of its subscribers, in directing their papers to them, to such as will pay twenty-five cents extra, or add both of said "handles" for fifty cents extra.

The twist perplexed  
"Twist the two to determine—  
"Watch and pray," says the text,  
"Go to sleep," says the sermon.

Squatter sovereignty, the entrance of six full dressed ladies in a large omnibus, and taking exclusive possession thereof, while eighteen sparse gentlemen are forcibly expelled.

A gentleman is a human being combining a woman's tenderness with a man's courage.

The Syracuse Journal perpetrates the following upon the marriage, at Rochester, of a Mr. Husband to the lady of his choice:—

This case is the strangest  
We've known in our life;  
The husband's a husband,  
And so is his wife!

THE THING THAT SHOULD BIND THE TWO NATIONS TOGETHER.—Frederick Peel, when he was taken to the Atlantic Submarine Telegraph Company's Office, and saw the miles upon miles of iron-wire cable, shook his head most ominously, and a tear was observed to steal into his manly eye, as he said in a tone of the deepest despondency: "Ah! ah! a sad mistake—it should have been Red Tape!"

They that had moral Helicon, cry down that which is a great part of Religion, my Duty towards God, and my duty towards Man. What care I to see a man run after a sermon, if he cozened and cheats as soon as he comes home.—Selous.

Soon after the publication of Miss Burney's novel of Cecilia, a young lady was found reading it. After the general topics of praise were exhausted, she was asked whether she did not greatly admire the style. Reviewing the incidents in her memory, she replied, "The style? the style?—oh, sir, I have not come to that yet?"

A paper, giving an account of Toulouse, France, says, "It is a large town, containing three thousand inhabitants built entirely of brick!" This is equalled only by a known description of Albany, which runs thus:—Albany is a city of eight thousand houses, and twenty-five thousand inhabitants with most of their gable ends to the street!"

The voice is heard through rolling drums  
That beats to battle where he stands;  
Thy face across his fancy comes;  
And gives the battle to his hands.  
One moment while the trumpet blows  
He sees his blood about his knee;  
The next, the fire he meets the foe,  
And strikes him dead for thee and thee.

Guard well, oh, heir of eternity, the portal of sin—the thought! From the thought to the deed, the subtler thy brain, and the bolder thy courage, the brier and straighter the way. Dost thou count on a passion for accession to gold, or a crown to a death? thy thought is at war with a life, though thy hand may shrink back from its murder.—Bulwer.

EFFECT OF WAR ON PRICES.—During a siege, a water carrier was crying his water through the town—"Six sous a gallon! six sous a gallon!" By and by a bomb shell carried off one of his barrels, whereupon, without moving a muscle of his face, he continued—"twelve sous a gallon!"

HOW TO MAKE AN ARISTOCRAT.—REV. E. H. Chapin tells us—"Take a piebald rascal, and half a million of dollars, and let them simmer slowly together."

## LETTER FROM PARIS.

Paris, July 30th, 1857.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

Such heat as is now pouring down on Paris,—white and glittering under the infliction of the glowing sky above us—has not been known here for many a long year. All who can afford it are off to the country; those who are prevented by their occupations from leaving the city, darken their rooms, lighten their clothing, and take as little exercise and as much ice-cream as they can. In Spain the heat is something fearful; and the Spanish journals are groaning over the prospective ruin of the crop of maize, which threatens to be burnt up instead of ripened. Through all the south of Europe the heat is most in ease. Think of the unhappy political prisoners in the crowded and fetid jails of Spain and Naples, dying of auto-canon in these dog-day heats! In the jails of the latter it is rumoured that excessive cruelty, of the most wicked character, is wreaked upon the crowd taken up "on suspicion;" their beards being torn out by the roots, and other ingenious atrocities of similar nature being perpetrated on them by their jailors. It is so impossible for the people of Spain and Italy to keep still under the misgovernment that oppresses them, that one cannot think of the sufferings of the patriotic revolutionists without the deepest commiseration for their fate, and the utmost horror of their persecutors.

## THE EMPRESS'S PASTIMES.

The beautiful and very graceful woman who shares the throne of France is extremely fond of amusing herself, and has not the slightest idea of being Empress for nothing. She does her best to lighten the monotonous magnificence of her lot by all sorts of ingenious contrivances. She goes to concerts and operas, while her husband, who works exceedingly hard at his trade of keeping down revolutions, and keeping France busy in commercial and manufacturing speculation, is clothed with his advisers, or with his long-sighted head; she gets up charades and private theatricals, in which she takes part, having rendered herself rather a brilliant performer in this line through the aid of the best teachers of theatrical declamation. She rides a good deal on horseback; and plays with her son, who is now learning to walk, with all the satisfaction incident to young mothers who come under the interesting domination of "hens with one chick." She has fitted up her own apartments with a splendor and at a lavish disregard of expense worthy of the heroines of the Arabian Nights. A series of boudoirs, at the Tuilleries, are hung with pink and silver brocade, and called *Le boudoir du jour*, another in blue and gold, a third in violet, and a fourth in white and silver, all with fanciful names, are described by these admitted as marvels of tasteful and costly arrangement, with the exception of the last, called *The Silver Boudoir*, which, with its white velvet walls and furniture, its mantle piece, vases, and sofas, in solid silver, though enormously costly, is of too dead and heavy a white; at once disagreeable to the eye, and very unbecoming to the complexion of its occupants. She also dips a little into the supernatural; reading books on the occult sciences, turning tables with the Emperor, and taking great interest in the inexplicable doings of this phenomenal Mr. Home. Besides all these amusements, she has caused a complete dress making and millinery establishment to be established in the Tuilleries, constantly supplied with the most elegant and expensive novelties, silks, velvets, laces, embroideries and flowers, from which she supplies every caprice of her graceful fancy, and in which she spends enormous sums.

## GOING TO COURT.

But notwithstanding the excessive splendor and extravagant expenditure of the present court, the etiquette there observed is in some respects less formal and heavy than that of the Court of St. James, the details of presentation at which were described in a former letter. Here you have only to be known to your Ambassador, and through him your presentation, and consequent invitation to a court-ball, are easily effected.

Suppose that a number of staunch republicans, sons and daughters of America, have set their hearts on being presented to their Majesties, and figuring at one of the Thursday evening balls. They call on Mr. and Mrs. Mason, and having intimated their desire, the Minister invites them to be at his house, "in their best bib and tucker," on the following Sunday, when he and Mrs. Mason will chaperon them into the august presence of the master and mistress of the Tuilleries, it being the habit of the Imperial pair to receive on that day, on leaving the chapel after High Mass. The Minister and his lady request the applicants for this honor to be at their residence half-an-hour before the time appointed for the presentation, in order that they may enlighten them with a few hints as to the way in which the walking and talking part of the affair is to be gone through with.

Accordingly, on the appointed day a numerous party of ladies and gentlemen, in their handsomest walking costume, assemble in the Ministerial drawing-room, when Mr. Mason proceeds to drill them, with a view to their more perfect acquittal of the part they are to enact immediately afterwards at the Palace.

"You will not find either the Emperor or the Empress in the reception-room," says the Minister; "we shall be received there by the ushers, and wait there until their Majesties come to us. The gentlemen will form a circle, and will be presented by me in turn to the Emperor; the ladies will form another group, under the auspices of Mrs. Mason, who will present them to the Empress. Each Ambassador thus presents those of his own country-people wishing for this distinction. The Emperor will address a few words to each person as he is presented. You must please be most especially careful, in replying, not to say 'you' or 'sir,' to the Emperor, but 'sire,' and 'your Majesty,' to the Empress you will say 'madam,' and also 'your Majesty.' You will remain in the same place while the interview lasts, the Emperor and Empress going from group to group, and leaving the room when the presentation is over. After which we also shall take our departure."

These instructions being duly listened to, and everybody promising to do his and her best to

avoid stumbling on the obnoxious 'sir' and 'ma'am,' the party bestow themselves in their carriages, and are speedily set down at the foot of the great staircase of the Tuilleries. Here they are passed on from lacquey to lacquey, the officials growing in grandeur and diminishing in livery as they approach the reception room. Everything is, of course, as magnificent as satin and gilding can make it; and the party would like to begin a little examination of the room, did time permit. But the Minister has not much more than time to marshal his proteges into two semi-circular groups, one of gentlemen, at the extremity of which he places himself, the other of ladies, with whom Mrs. Mason takes up her position. The English, Prussian, Belgian, Saxon and Turkish Ministers are also present, each presiding over a squad of his own peculiar people arranged in similar groups. These dignitaries have exchanged salutations between themselves on first finding themselves together; and all now await the appearance of their Majesties.

## A ROYAL INTERVIEW.

In the course of a few minutes a stir takes place in the ante-room, and the Emperor and Empress are seen approaching, side by side. The Emperor is dressed as a private gentleman; the Empress is in a dress of gray silk, covered with rich black lace, and wearing that most graceful of all coverings for the head and shoulders, a Spanish mantilla of the same lace. Seeing that the reception-room is unusually crowded, the pair walk on past the door, and disappear for a moment, after which they again make their appearance, the Empress having exchanged her beautiful mantilla, in which she looks so wonderfully lovely, for a little fashionable bonnet not half so becoming. "Such was the extent of her petticoats," observed to me a charming American lady recently presented, from whom these particulars of the affair are borrowed for the edification of your readers, "such was the extent of her petticoats, that I assure you, all exaggeration apart, the diameter presented by her gown as she came gliding in, was longer than your sofa." The piece of furniture referred to being rather over seven feet long, it is not surprising that the Imperial couple should have made their appearance walking side by side only, instead of arm-in-arm; a mode of locomotion not possible where such a circumference of steel is adopted. "As they entered the room," continued my friend, "the Emperor moved forward on one side, the Empress on the other. The Belgian group stood nearest the door, and as the Emperor approached it, the Belgian Minister went forward to meet him, was shaken hands with by him, and then presented each person in his group, naming him to the Emperor as he passed on. The Emperor gave a bow and a few words to each, and then went on to the next group, until he had spoken to all, ladies as well as gentlemen. The Empress, meantime, was making a similar journey in the opposite direction. When the Emperor came into the group of American ladies, he spoke in English. He talked with me for several minutes, and in so easy and pleasant a way that I was quite delighted. He asked me various questions about my stay in Paris, about America; he then spoke of his visit to the United States, and described some of the scenery he had seen there so perfectly that I—who had been saying 'sire' and 'your Majesty' in the most beautifully correct and proper way all through the conversation, and was flattering myself that I should get through without a mistake—was so carried away by the naturalness of his manner and the pleasure of hearing him speak of places I know so well, that I quite forgot his being a Majesty, and came with a 'sir,' to my great vexation; but it slipped out before I knew what I was saying. A twinkle in his eye, and a good-natured little smile showed that he had seen my blunder, and was amused by it; but he made me a very pleasant bow as he passed on to the lady who was standing next me. The Empress was very gracious and agreeable in manner, addressed us in English, which she spoke as though it were her native tongue; but she said less than the Emperor. When the two had made the round of the room, and met at the door, they bowed again to the guests, and went out. Whereupon we marched off also, and got into our carriages; Mr. Mason laughingly telling us that we had all done very well, though he was much amused when I imparted to him the disaster that had befallen me at the end of my talk with the Emperor."

## HEROIC SELF-DENIAL.

Those who have been thus presented, receive a card of invitation to the next Thursday evening ball at the Tuilleries, to which no one is invited who has not previously gone through with the ceremony just described. In the family of the lady to whom your readers are indebted for these particulars, is a very beautiful and very amiable girl, about eighteen, one of the most charming and accomplished representatives of "Young America," to be found in the Old World; and who had been dying to be presented, for the sake of getting an invitation to the court-ball, on which she had counted with so much certainty, that the elegant dress of white tulle, embroidered with blue silk, the delicate wreath and bouquets of white and pink flowers, destined for the occasion, were all ready, and awaiting only the moment to be put on. But, being, in spite of her wealth, youth, beauty, and fashionable connections, remarkably rigid in her views of what she considers a religious truth and religious duty, she was thrown out of all her hopes and calculations by learning from the Minister, that the presentation always takes place on a Sunday; and much as she was longing to go to court, and as much as she was the idea of losing the ball, she at once refused to take part in an arrangement, which, from her point of view, she regarded as a desecration of the Sabbath. Her relatives and friends, all of them members of various denominations, but less rigid than herself, regarded her scruples as too uncompromising; and did their utmost to persuade her to accompany them as had been agreed upon. But she was inflexible in her resolution; and on the appointed Sunday, she went to an English chapel, as usual, leaving the rest of the family to go to court without her. Her mother, who knew how long she had been cherishing the idea of the ball, and who felt for her daughter's disappointment, as well for her own, was so far from feeling as at her wife's end trying to imagine some way in which to turn the diffi-

culty. But the rule is inflexible; none are invited who have not previously been presented. The rest of the family having been presented as just described, tickets were received by them, on Tuesday, for the Thursday ball. But there was, of course, no card for my pretty little friend, who resigned herself quietly to her fate, wofully disappointed at not going to the ball, but without the slightest regret at the course she had taken. But mothers are both ingenious and self-denying; and the idea having suddenly occurred to her that her own card might be turned over to her daughter, the arrangement was joyfully adopted by all concerned. The pretty white dress and accessories came out of their closets, and its pretty wearer had the satisfaction of accompanying her friends to the palace, which had so long been the cynosure of her desires, and of dancing on the livelong night amidst the brilliant toilettes, the gilding, and the glory, of the long suite of ball-rooms at the Tuilleries.

This little incident struck me as being one of the most heroic examples of self-denial in small matters that have come within my ken for many a long day. For, however strained and exaggerated this young lady's view of the requirements of duty may have been, still, as she really regarded the going to court on Sunday as a violation of duty with regard to that day, it would evidently have been wrong in her to go. Yet how few, placed in the same predicament, would have had the resolution to sacrifice a darling project, with no hope of being able to put it into execution at any future period, rather than do what, right or wrong, was held to be sinful! Without approving the rigid view taken by this young lady with regard to the keeping of Sunday, it is still permissible to wish that all handsome and charming young ladies possessed the same earnest resolution to act up to the dictates of conscience, and to believe that, were such the case, the tone of society and the general state of the world, would soon show unmistakable symptoms of mending.

QUANTUM.

## A CAMBRIDGE PROFESSOR FORGETTING HIMSELF.

At Cambridge, England, it is quite common for a senior wrangler to be likewise stroke oar in the college boat; and a well known statesman of England is remembered for having thrashed a potent butcher, after 48 rounds, within a week of his taking a double-first. A professor at Cambridge, whose name it is hardly necessary to mention when we say that he is a walking encyclopedia, and the first mathematician in England, albeit a pious divine, and a man of staid character and devout habits, happened to be taking his constitutional walk on the banks of the river at the time of the boat-race. The river is narrow; a dexterous movement of the tiller when the boats are side by side, will often decide the race by driving one of the competitors too near the bank. Well, this learned and pious churchman having mended to the river side just as the boats were passing, watched them a moment with a calm face. Some old memories of by-gone contests rushed into his mind—the struggle fired his blood; he was soon to clench his fists and to walk with firmer tread. He followed the boats a few paces.

As they came to a turn in the river he actually ran, in full collegiate costume as he was. His cap blew off—he never noticed it. He began to waive his arms. A crowd around him, unconscious of his presence, were shouting, "Go it, Trinity!" "Yolks, Calcut!" The boats were approaching a very narrow part of the river, the Calcut men half a length ahead. The spectators were shouting in a frenzy of excitement, when above the tumult, arose the sonorous and stentorian voice of the venerable professor: "Port, Calcut, you scoundrels! D—n it, port your helm, man!" and as the shrewd order was instantly obeyed, in a still more energetic voice, "Opline, Johannes!" then suddenly recollecting himself, "God bless me, gentlemen, I have forgot myself!" and the old gentleman walked off at a staid pace, blushing like a girl, amidst the vociferous applause of the students.

SHERBERRY SHERBERRY.—A Long Branch correspondent of the Trenton Gazette gives an account of a well merited rebuke administered to a party of pretensions fashionables at that place. Gov. Newell and his wife having arrived at the Mansion House just at the dinner hour, entered the dining-hall before Mrs. N. changed her attire. The party alluded to immediately, not knowing her, made audible remarks on her appearance, and spoke indignantly, because the waiters, to whom Gov. N. was known, waited on him. Various insulting allusions were made in the table conversation. In the evening, when Mrs. N. appeared in the parlor in full dress, she was saluted by a gentleman who happened to be a friend of the ladies in the fashionable party, and who subsequently, on their inquiry, informed them who Mrs. N. was. They immediately sent apologetic, which she refused to receive, not on account of personal resentment, but because their conduct exhibited them as persons not fitted to associate with genuine ladies, and she would not recognise them as such.

A NEW READING.—A good story is told of the Irish usher who served Mr. Webster during his incumbency in the State department at Washington; and who was retained in the same berth by Mr. Marcy, on the inauguration of the Pierce administration. One day several gentlemen called at the private room of the Secretary, and inquired for Mr. Marcy. The usher said he had just gone out, but would be in presently. After waiting some time to no purpose, the gentlemen grew impatient, and sent the usher in search of the illustrious fugitive. But he returned, after making diligent search, saying that he couldn't find him; and exclaiming, in most amusing parody of a well known line from a popular hymn book:

"That Marcy I to others show,

That Marcy show to me!"

The visitors laughed very heartily at the clever impromptu, and waited till it pleased Mr. Marcy to show himself.—Boston Post.

An auctioneer having a horse to sell, who could not be induced to cross a bridge which lay in the way of his master's country residence, advertised him as "sold for no fault but that his owner was desirous of going out of the city."



INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF  
M. ARAGO.

An autobiography of the late Francis Arago, the celebrated French philosopher, narrates some entertaining incidents which occurred to the illustrious seer. The following happened when he was a young man, and while he was engaged in a scientific survey among the mountains of Catalonia, in Spain:

"One day, as recreation, I thought I could go, with a fellow-countryman, to the fair at Murviedro, the ancient Saguntum, which they told me was very curious. I met in the town the daughter of a Frenchman resident at Valencia, Madlle. B——. All the hotels were crowded; Madlle. B—— invited us to take some refreshments at her grandmother's; we accepted; but on leaving the house she informed us that our visit had not been to the taste of her betrothed, and that we must be prepared for some sort of attack on his part; we went directly to an armorer's, bought some pistols, and commenced our return to Valencia."

"On our way, I said to the calezo (driver), a man whom I had employed for a long time, and who was much devoted to me:

"Iaidro, I have some reason to believe that we shall be stopped; I warn you of it, so that you may not be surprised at the shots which will be fired from the calesa (vehicle)."

"Iaidro, seated on the shaft, according to the custom of the country, answered:

"Your pistols are completely useless, gentlemen; leave me to act; one cry will be enough; my mule will dismount us of two, three, or even four men."

Scarcely one minute had elapsed after the calezo had pronounced these words, when two men presented themselves before the mule and seized her by the nostrils. At the same instant a formidable cry, which will never be effaced from my remembrance—the cry of *Capitane!*—was uttered by Iaidro. The mule reared up almost vertically, raising up one of the men, came down again, and set off at a rapid gallop. The jolt which the carriage made led us to understand too well what had just occurred. A long silence succeeded this event; it was only interrupted by these words of the calezo: "Do you not think, gentlemen, that my mule is worth more than any pistol?"

"The next day the Captain-General, Don Domingo Liqueiro, related to me that a man had been found crushed on the road to Murviedro. I gave him an account of the prowess of Iaidro's mule, and no more was said."

In the following extract he gives an account of his presentation to Napoleon I., after being elected a member of the Academy of Sciences:

"The members of the Institute were always presented to the Emperor after he had confirmed their nominations. On the appointed day, in company with the Presidents, with the Secretaries of the four classes, and with the Academicians who had special publications to offer to the Chief of the State, they assembled in one of the saloons of the Tuilleries. When the Emperor returned from mass, he held a kind of review of these savans, these artists, these literary men, in green uniform. I must own that the spectacle which I witnessed on the day of my presentation did not edify me. I even experienced real displeasure on seeing the anxiety evinced by members of the Institute to be themselves noticed."

"You are very young," said Napoleon to me, on coming near me; and without waiting for a flattering reply, which it would not have been difficult to find, he added, "What is your name?" And my neighbor on the right, not leaving me time to answer the certainly simple enough question, just addressed to me, hastened to say—

"His name is Arago."

"What science do you cultivate?"

"My neighbor on the left immediately replied—

"He cultivates astronomy."

"What have you done?"

"My neighbor on the right, jealous of my left hand neighbor for having encroached on his rights at the second question, now hastened to reply, and said—

"He has just been measuring the arc of the meridian in Spain."

"The Emperor, imagining, doubtless, that he had before him either a dandy or an imbecile man, passed on to another member of the Institute. This one was not a novice, but a naturalist well known through his beautiful and important discoveries; it was M. Lamarck. The old man presented a book to Napoleon. "What is that?" said the latter; "it is your absurd meteorology, in which you rival Mathieu Laensberg. It is this 'annual,' which dishonors your old age. Do something in Natural History, and I should receive your productions with pleasure. As to this volume, I only take it in consideration of your white hairs. Here!" and he passed the book to an aid-de-camp. Poor M. Lamarck, who, at the end of each sharp and insulting sentence of the Emperor, tried in vain to say, "It is a work on Natural History, which I present to you," was weak enough to fall into tears."

"The Emperor immediately afterwards met with a more energetic antagonist, in the person of M. Lantjuinais. The latter had advanced, book in hand. Napoleon said to him, sneeringly: "The entire Senate, then, will have to give place to the Institute?" "Sir," replied Lantjuinais, "it is the body of the state to which most time is left for occupying itself with literature." The Emperor, displeased at this answer, at once quitted the civil uniforms, and busied himself among the great capulettes which filled the room."

HATCHING MACHINES IN THE MIDDLE AGES.—Sir John Maundeville, an Englishman, and great eastern traveller of the fourteenth century, in a very entertaining account of his travels, has the following: "He is giving a description of Cairo: 'And there is a common house in that city, which is all full of small furnaces, to which the towns-women bring their eggs of hens, geese, and ducks, to be put into the furnaces; and they that keep that house, cover them with horse-dung, without hen, geese, or duck, or any fowl; at the end of three weeks or a month they come again, and take their chickens, and nourish them and bring them forth, so that all the country is full of them. And this they do both winter and summer.'"

## THE POET BERANGER.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

We give this week a portrait of the famous French poet, Beranger, whose recent death has been already announced to our readers. He was at once a great poet and a great man. As a song-writer he has never been equalled—not even by Robert Burns. His name was always a word of power in France. His lyrics were sung by the people, and were always forthcoming whenever a word was wanted in defence of the contemporary tyranny, in praise of France, or in support of the good cause. From his earliest youth he was identified with the conflicts of democracy against aristocracy, and under all dynasties he was the same Beranger—Tennyson's ideal of a poet—

"Dowered with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn,  
"The love of love."

Though he was proud of the glory Napoleon had shed over France, still his patriotic eye was not blind to the Emperor's tyranny; and the powerful though good-humored satire of "Le Roi d'Yvetot," made the puissant conqueror wince upon his throne. The restoration of the Bourbons was considered by Beranger a degradation to his country; and his pen never spared that family, or the obsequious and unwise statesmen of the ancien regime who learned nothing from adversity. The governments both of Louis XVIII. and Charles X. endeavored to silence him by bribery; but he preferred his honorable and independent poverty to the profitable business which they offered him. His song entitled "Le sacre de Charles le Simple," was particularly obnoxious to the Ministry of Charles X., which determined to prosecute him for sedition and impiety. The result of the trial was as might have been anticipated. The poet was condemned to two years' imprisonment in the dungeons of St. Pelagie, and to pay a fine of 10,000fr. But his imperturbable philosophy resolved to make the best even of this, and his friends, (for by this time he had many,) formed a mass resolution, and they raised a subscription to pay the fine imposed upon him. His imprisonment was turned into an ovation. His table was provided with every delicacy which wealth could supply. The gentlemen sent him the choicest viands and the choicest fruits; the ladies sent him flowers and fruit; and on the reception-days, permitted by the authorities of the prison, people of all classes paid their respects to him till his dungeon was as gay and brilliant as a sovereign's palace at a levee.

He was thrice subjected to fine and imprisonment by the governments of Louis XVIII. and Charles X., with the most beneficial effects upon his popularity and his fortunes, and with no ill effects upon his health or his comfort. Prosecution but increased his fame and his power; and imprisonment gave him literary leisure, which he turned to admirable account in the production of new songs.

At the Revolution of 1848, he was elected to the National Assembly as one of the representatives for the city of Paris. But he neither solicited nor desired this honor, and refused to take his seat, on the plea of age and failing health. The Assembly at first refused to accept his resignation, but ultimately acceded; and Beranger remained what he had always been—an observer of, not an actor in, the great drama of public life.

He died on Thursday, the 16th ult., at the ripe age of seventy-seven, in full possession of all his faculties, and was buried the next day at the Cemetery of Pere la Chaise, under circumstances most unusual and remarkable, which show how great a power in the State was this writer of songs, and what an influence he exercised both in his life and in his death over the minds of his countrymen. For a powerful Emperor was obliged to call out a hundred thousand soldiers lest the peace of Paris might be disturbed as he passed to the grave amid the sympathies of a Republican and a revolutionary population. Never before was poet so feared or so honored.

The songs of Beranger are difficult to translate; all songs are, and more especially his—so terse, so elegant, so naïf, so national, and so idiomatic. The following—which is an imitation rather than a translation—may give the English reader some idea of the subject, the style, the treatment, and the philosophy of Beranger; but to know Beranger well, or to appreciate thoroughly the strength as well as the delicacy of his genius, he must be read in his own language—

## TO MY COAT.

Thou'rt hardly worth one paltry groat,  
Thou'rt dear to me, my poor old coat;  
For full ten years my friend thou'rt been—  
For full ten years I've brushed thee clean;  
And now, like me, thou'rt old and wan;  
With both the glow of youth is gone;  
But, worn and shabby as thou art,  
Thou and the poet shall not part.

Poor coat.

I've not forgot the birthday eve  
When first I donned thy glossy sleeve,  
When joyful friends, in mantling wine,  
Drank joy and health to me and mine.  
Our indulgence let some deities  
We're dear as ever in their eyes;  
And for their sakes, old as thou art,  
Thou and the poet shall not part.

Poor coat.

One evening, I remember yet,  
I, romping, feligned to my Lisette;  
She strove her lover to retain,  
And thy frail skirt was rent in twain.  
Dear girl, she did her best endeavor,  
And patched thee up as well as ever.  
For her sweet sake, old as thou art,  
Thou and the poet shall not part.

Poor coat.

Never, my coat, hast thou been found  
Bending thy shoulders to the ground,  
From any upstart "Lord" or "Grace,"  
To beg a pension or a place.  
Wild forest flowers—no monarch's dote—  
Adorn thy modest button-hole;  
If but for that, old as thou art,  
Thou and the poet shall not part.

Poor coat.

Poor though we be, my good old friend,  
No gold shall bribe our backs to bend;  
Honest amid temptations past,  
We will be honest to the last;  
For more I prize thy virtuous rage  
Than all the lace a courtier brings;  
And, while I live and have a heart,  
Thou and the poet shall not part.

My coat.

☞ All beautiful things dignify and ennoble life.



THE POET BERANGER.

## THE MOXA.

The operation of the Moxa is seldom or never undertaken on the American side of the water. Its first general publication to the world was through the pages of *Shen's* romance, where one of the characters, Rudin, undergoes the ordeal. The tranquil course of life in our German Home was for a time interrupted by this terrible operation in one of our household.

Among the five Americans who had gradually collected under the same roof was a young Bostonian, who had left his native city for foreign travel as a pulmonary invalid; the Boston physicians considering his difficulty of hopeless alleviation in that climate—if in any.

There lived in Frankfurt at the time (and perhaps now) a physician of considerable celebrity, Hofrath Schott. The more timid and conservative of his profession were afraid of him, for he belonged to what may be called the Heroic school of medicine—a school which is generally successful in proportion to the amount of genius and professional nerve of the individual practitioner, added to that mysterious instinct, which we sometimes find in men.

The Bostonian was persuaded to an examination by Schott, who found one lung, as he expressed it, badly veridict, or clogged with disease, although as yet no tubercle had formed—he told us, however, that in a week or a fortnight this might intervene.

"It is not too late, then?" we said.

"By no means, if immediately taken in hand."

"And what do you propose?"

"The Moxa—rather severe, but effectual."

At that time the blessings of insensibility through ether or chloroform, although announced in America, had only been heard of in Europe. Physical pain, therefore, was still to be met with the eyes and consciousness wide open.

Schott came on the appointed day with an assistant. The patient lay on a sofa with his head averted to the wall, his breast being bared to the operators, one of us holding his shoulders and another his feet. The blow-pipes were then produced, the flame of even one of which is sufficient to melt the obduracy of solid metal. Each operator took his blow-pipe and the concentrated intensity of two flames was directed through a tube dipped in saltpetre, to the side of the chest—opposite the seat of disease.

The flesh shrivelled up like tinder—and a circular spot, the size of a dollar, was quickly laid bare to the bone. The poor fellow bore his agony with the heroism of an Indian—he never whimpered.

An irritating salve was afterward daily applied to the wound. Diseased matter began to flow out, and soon the draught upon the lung itself could be distinctly felt, which organ gradually and perceptibly cleared itself. The air cells opened again to the blessed, health-giving air of heaven; a deep breath could once more be drawn; the ominous pain in the back, the deadly night-sweat, the fatal cough ceased. These spectres of a seemingly inevitable destiny fled discomfited—conquered by fire.

Three months from that time was the season of grapes. The wound was allowed to close; the Moxa had done its work, and the fruit of the vine was to crown the cure. Father Rhine yielded us bushel baskets of the richest fruit. The grapes, for their better preservation, were hung upon cords in an upper room; eight pounds a day of them were procured for consumption, while other food, with the exception of bread and a few vegetables, was mostly proscribed. The Bostonian submitted to this second step in his cure with still greater heroism than to the first—he walked three times a day into the room, and, chary of the trouble of picking the grapes off, with elevated head he ate them from the lines like a fox. Health returned, and flesh and strength—permanently returned.

Years have elapsed, and the Bostonian, who had been sentenced by his home-doctors—if not to Auburn Prison, to *Mons' Auburn*, a still securer prison house, and who, in six months, would doubtless have lain there, now walks the streets of London with his English wife and poet more family of children, as stalwart a John Bull as the best of them.

Thus do we see how unnecessarily often-times (humanly considered) do we die—there are people in the world who can save us. And I know of no consideration more desperately afflictive than this, when we see those passing away from us, without whom this world does not seem worth living in; the God-created skill existing to save them—yet we cannot command it.

A still more salient instance of rescue by Moxa, was another patient of Schott's, a young Frankfurt banker, who, in the apparently last stages of the disease, endured the Moxa to a much greater extent, and was also enabled to

leave continued foot-prints "on the sands of time."

The grape-cure, as an independent remedy in itself, is much in vogue on the Rhine. Benjamin, nearly opposite Prince Metternich's *Benjamin*, is much visited in the grape season by persons who live for a month chiefly on grapes.—R. S. Willis, in the *N. Y. Musical World*.

## SORROWS.

I. In spring at summer sleeps the Stone  
All night, all morn—  
When falls the snow, or storms are blown,  
It feels no sorrow—  
Calm on the teeming soil it lies,  
Untroubled by the earth or skies—  
Oh, happy Stone, devoid of sorrow!

II. In rale or sunshine lies the Cloud,  
The child of Sorrow;  
Bearing to-day the gifts of God,  
Cut down to-morrow;  
Feeling the joy of summer flowers,  
The pain of winter-frost and showers—  
Oh, luckless Cloud, alive to sorrow!

III. But oh! the delicate golden Harp,  
A quiverer thou!  
Through all its sweet one finger-warp  
May we're thrill sorrow—  
It feels the ray of sun or moon,  
The breeze can jar it out of tune;  
Oh, mournful Harp, that throbs to sorrow!

IV. But rather than the Stone, unworn  
By night or morn;  
I'd be the Cloud that bears the corn,  
And suffers sorrow;  
Or, better still, the Harp, whose strains  
Have countless joys as well as pains—  
Oh, passionate Harp of Joy and Sorrow,  
CHARLES MACKAY.

TAILED MEN.—The Rev. Mr. T. J. Bowen, who spent several years in the interior of Central Africa, as a Missionary of the Southern Baptist Board, makes the following reference to the subject in his recently published narrative. In speaking of Nasauu, the executioner of the King of Llorin (an interior city of at least 70,000 inhabitants), and others with whom he conversed, he says: "The Moors and Arabs, who had been everywhere, had told their wonderful stories of still other countries and tribes far off in the east. Somewhere on the other side of Yazouba is a tribe of people called Alakere, none of whom are more than three feet in height. The chiefs are a little taller than the common people. The Alakere are very ingenious people, especially in working iron, and they are so industrious that their towns are surrounded by iron bars. Beyond these are a tribe called Alabiru, who have short, inflexible tails. As the stiffness of their tails prevents the Alabiru from sitting flat on the ground, every man carries a sharp-pointed stick, with which he drills a hole in the earth to receive his tail while sitting. They are industrious manufacturers of iron bars, which they sell to surrounding tribes. All the fine swords in Sudan are made of this iron. The next tribe in order are the Alabiwo, who have a small goat-like horn projecting from the middle of their forehead. For all that, they are a nice kind of black people, and quite intelligent. A woman of this tribe is now in slavery at Offa, near Llorin. She always wears a handkerchief around her head, because she is ashamed of her horn. There are other people in this Doko region who have four eyes, and others who live entirely in subterranean galleries. These wonders were attested by natives and Arabs."

DESTRUCTION OF TREES.—Most provoking, indeed, is the national tendency to the destruction of fine trees on the most frivolous pretences. A majestic elm will be cut down because the dripping from its bows moistens cheap shingles on some adjoining house; an oak which projects two feet into the road will be sacrificed rather than a dollar spent to widen the thoroughfare. Trees in a village must disappear, root and branch, rather than have a new street deviate from a straight line. The first care of the purchaser of an estate is to cut down all the trees that do not stand in regular rows—and we are sometimes called on to admire the thrift which cuts down an orchard because birds get the cherries or boys steal the apples. A pioneer dame exulted in the removal of every tree from her hut—where "the sun could shine in nicely all day—looking so improvement like!" and there are every day instances of Vandalism not so excusable.—Rev. C. H. Brigham.

THE HISTORY OF PINS.—Pins, such as are now used, seem to have been unknown in England till about the middle of the fifteenth century. Previous to that time pins were made of ivory, box-wood, and a few of silver, and they were necessarily of large size. Brooches, and brooches-and-eyes were much employed for holding together the parts of the dress.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON  
FASHION AND DRESS.

We have seen, within the last few days, several very pretty bonnets, some of which present sufficient novelty to require special mention. A bonnet of French chip is trimmed with a demi-wreath formed of small tufts of pale blue marabout feathers. This wreath first ornaments the outside, and is then brought to intermingle with the blonde composing the under-trimming. The crown consists of upright strips of French chip disposed alternately with bouillonnees of blonde, and the strings are composed of broad white ribbon shaded with blue. Many of the new white straw bonnets are figured with black and colored velvet, worked on the straw. We have seen one ornamented with sprigs in brown velvet. Four small ostrich feathers, white variegated with brown, fixed on the upper part of the bonnet, droop two by two on each side. At the edge of the brim there is a row of blonde, about two inches or two inches and a-half deep. The inside trimming consists of blonde with a bouquet of rose-buds on each side, and a small cord of the same flowers passing above the bands of hair. Strings of white ribbon striped with brown.

An elegant bonnet of French chip is trimmed across the top with a bouillonne of blonde. The curtain is formed of a bouillonne of blonde, edged with a strip of French chip. Three small white marabouts, tipped with mallow color, are placed on each side, and rather far back, the ends drooping towards the curtain. In the inside small vine leaves and bunches of mallow color grapes are intermingled with the blonde trimming. The strings are composed of broad mallow color ribbon.

A Lophorn bonnet of a style at once novel and *distingue* is trimmed simply with two bouquets of small yellow flowers. These bouquets are placed one on each side of the bonnet, and so much towards the back as to droop over the curtain. The under-trimming is formed of bouillonnees of blonde intermingled with small yellow flowers and blades of grass. The strings consist of ribbon of the same color as the flowers. Another Lophorn bonnet, just received from Paris, is elegantly trimmed with black velvet, black lace, and bouquets of yellow roses. Some straw bonnets have been very effectively trimmed with maize color ribbon, and sprays of the black currant. Under the brim the same ornaments are intermingled with blonde. Others are trimmed with the red berries of the service-tree, black blonde, and straw color ribbon striped with black.

Several *coiffures*, destined for evening costume, have just been made for the lady of the Turkish Ambassador to the Court of St. James. Among them may be mentioned one composed of two plaits of black velvet, separated one from the other, and in the form of a diadem. They are fixed at the back of the head by a large double bow with ends of black velvet, placed at the nape of the neck. Another consists of a cap of white tulle, white blonde, and black lace, with long bars rounded at the ends. It is trimmed with bouquets of flowers. A third head dress consists of a round cap in blonde and tulle, trimmed with blue velvet ribbon with flowing ends.

We lately saw a ball-dress of white tulle, beautifully figured with straw and silk embroidery. It had two skirts, each bordered with a wreath of pomegranate blossom. At the extreme edge of each skirt there was a narrow ruche of cerise color ribbon. On each side of the upper there were bows of cerise ribbon linked with bands of fancy straw. The sleeves were gathered up with bows in the same style. In the centre of the corsage was worn a single large pomegranate flower, with its foliage. The *coiffure* worn with this dress consisted of a Ceres wreath composed of pomegranate blossom, with foliage of black velvet intermingled with fancy straw.—*London Lady's Paper*, July 18th.

THE INTELLIGENCE OF BIRDS.—M. Michelet, the Michelot, has published a book about birds. Here is a passage in which he is speaking of the egg and the maternal care of the hen-bird:

"Let us take the egg in our hands. What is it? and what is destined to issue from it? I know not, but she knows well—she who with expanded wings tromblingly embraces and matures it by her own warmth—she who, till now free, and Queen of the Air, lived according to her own will and caprice, becomes suddenly captive and immovable upon this dumb object, which might almost pass for a stone, which nothing as yet reveals to us. Talk not of blind instinct. We shall see by the results how little this clear-sighted instinct becomes modified according to circumstances; in other words, how little this dawning reason differs in its nature from the reason of man himself. Yes, this mother, by the penetration—the clairvoyance—of affection, knows, sees distinctly. Through the thick calcareous shell, where your rude hand distinguishes nothing, she is cognizant by a delicate perception of the mysterious being which is therein nourished and formed. It is this knowledge which supports her during the tedious labor of incubation, during so protracted a captivity. She sees that being, delicate and lovely in its downy covering of infancy, and she foresees, by hope, what it will hereafter be, strong and bold, when, with outstretched wings, it will gaze at the sun, and wing its flight against the storm."

YOUNG BERKELEY AND THE DEER.—In 1808, the Earl, who then held the title (Berkeley), was walking with his little son, when he was set upon by an American deer, whose horns he seized with both hands, bravely keeping fast hold, after he was thrown down and trampled upon by the furious beast. In this critical position he called out to the child not to be afraid—to take from his pocket a knife, stab the deer, or, if he could, cut his throat. The boy obeyed—searched his father's pocket, found the knife, and went to work upon the throat of the deer. But the noble child's courage was greater than his strength, and he could not sever the beast's windpipe. Nevertheless, he quailed not, but dealt the brutal assailant of his father so many stabs given with a will, that, weakened by loss of blood, it was fain to make the best of its way from the struggle, just as the Earl was all but exhausted.—*Fraser's Magazine*.

## A COMFORTING CHARACTER.

Wilson, my servant, would take the sun out of August, the scorching from a geranium, the warmth out of part. His look would cool champagne, and his tones supply the place of a shower-bath. Of all men I ever met, he is the most desponding. Whatever is to be done, he is sure to see a lion in the path. Life in his eyes is a perpetual filling of leaky buckets, and a rolling of stones up hill. He is amazed when the bucket holds water, or the stone perches on the summit. He professes but a limited belief in his star—and success with him is almost a disappointment. His countenance corresponds with the prevailing character of his thoughts; always hopelessly chap-fallen, his voice is as of a tomb. He brushes my clothes, lays the cloth, opens the champagne, with the air of one advancing to his execution. I have never seen him smile but once, when he came to report to me that a sea had nearly swept his colleague, the steward, overboard. The son of a gardener at Chiswick, he first took to horticulture; then emigrated as a settler to the Cape, where he acquired his present complexion, which is of grass green; and finally served as a steward on board an Australian steam packet. Thinking to draw consolation from his professional experiences, I heard Fitz's voice, now very weak with sea-sickness, say in a tone of coaxing cheerfulness: "Well, Wilson, I suppose this kind of thing does not last long?" The voice, as of the Tomb—"I don't know, sir." Fitz—"But you must have often seen passengers sick?" The voice—"Often, sir; very sick." Fitz—"Well, and on an average, how soon did they recover?" The voice—"Some of them didn't recover, sir." Fitz—"Well, but those that did?" The voice—"I know'd a clergyman and his wife as were ill all the voyage; five months, sir." Fitz—"Quite silent." The voice, now become *supercilious*—"They sometimes dies, sir." Fitz—"Ugh!" Before the end of the voyage, however, this Job's comforter himself fell ill, and the doctor finally revenged himself by prescribing for him—*Lord Dufferin's Voyage to Iceland*.

## Useful Receipts.

BLACKING FOR HORSE HARNESS.—Mix 4 ounces of mutton suet with 12 ounces of bees-wax, and 12 ounces of sugar candy, 4 ounces of soft soap dissolved in water, and 2 ounces of indigo, finely powdered. When melted and well mixed, add half a pint of turpentine. Lay it on the harness with a sponge, and polish it off with a brush. This blacking is for working harness, which should be cleaned and polished up at least once a week when in constant use.

The following is a recipe for carriage harness blacking.—Take three sticks of black sealing-wax, dissolve them in half a pint of alcohol, and then apply with a sponge. Lard dissolved in alcohol, and colored with lampblack, will answer the same purpose. This is a quick drying, hard varnish, liable to crack the leather, and should, therefore, be put on as seldom as possible.

PEACH PRESERVES.—Peaches if preserved whole, should be gathered before they are fully ripe; pare and cook tender in a little water. If in quarters, crack the pits of half the peaches and add to them. Let the syrup simmer down quite thick before adding it to the fruit, and when cold, cover tight and keep free from heat and moisture.

PEACH PIE.—Mellow, juicy peaches, peeled whole or in quarters, laid in a deep pie plate—on each layer of peaches sprinkle a thick layer of sugar, a tablespoonfull of water, and a light sprinkling of flour, and it will need no other seasoning. Cover with a thick crust and bake an hour.

PEACH DUMPLINGS.—Should be steamed instead of stewing, as that would break them. Serve with common sauce, or lemon sauce, one lemon cut fine, one cup butter, and a large cup sugar.

PEACHES FOR TEA.—Pare ripe peaches, them in quarters, sprinkle well with lay sugar, and let them stand an hour to extract the juice. Then cover with rich, sweet cream, and there is nothing better.

PEACH A LA STRAWBERRY.—Ripe peaches cut in small pieces, with soft, mild eating apples, in the proportion of three peaches to one apple, mixed with sugar, and left to stand two or three hours, make excellent mock strawberries.

TO BOIL POTATOES.—Put them into a saucepan with scarcely sufficient water to cover them. Directly the skins begin to break, remove them from the fire, and as rapidly as possible pour off every drop of the water. Then place a coarse (we need not say clean) towel over them, and return them to the fire again until they are thoroughly done, and quite dry. A little salt, to taste, should have been added to the water before boiling.

POTATOES ESCALOPED.—Wash potatoes in the usual way; then butter some nice clean scollop-shells, pattypans, or tescups, or saucers; put in your potatoes; make them smooth at the top; cross a knife over them; strew a few fine bread crumbs on them; sprinkle them with a paste-brush with a few drops of melted butter, and set them in a Dutch oven. When nicely browned on the top, take them carefully out of the shells, and brown on the other side. Cold potatoes may be warmed up in the way.

POTATO BALLS RAJOUT.—Add to a pound of potatoes a quarter of a pound of grated ham or some sort of herbs, or chopped parsley, or onion or escaloit, salt, pepper, and a little grated nutmeg, and then dress as potatoes are collared.

POTATO CHEESE CAKE.—One pound of mashed potatoes, quarter of a pound of currants, quarter of a pound of sugar and butter, and four eggs, to be well mixed together; bake them in pattypans, having first lined them with puff paste.

EGGS FOR BURNS.—The white of an egg proved of late the most efficacious remedy for burns. Seven or eight successive applications of this substance soothe the pain and effectually exclude the burned parts from the air.

BURNING FLUID.—Alcohol, 3 gallons; phenol, 1 gallon; gum camphor, 1 ounce. Solve the camphor in the alcohol, and mix.



rigg Grange. My present life had become distasteful to me; the future held out no attractive prospect; and I felt like one in bondage who must break his chains or die. The desire of travel took possession of me; the unrest of an inquiet heart, sick of the dull routine of daily duties, and longing to find amid distant scenes a balm for all its ills. Glowing accounts of that new world beyond the sea, every day

Five days elapsed, but brought no answer from Letty. Grace began to grow anxious. The weather was very bleak. For the last fortnight, a black frost had held the earth in its iron grip. There had been neither rain



Grace instantly lighted the large horn lantern that hung in the corner and rushed out of doors in search of Letty. The dog was still howling loudly as she got outside; and a thought sud-

☞ If you want an ignoramus to respect you, "dress to death," and wear watch seals about the size of a brickbat.

tural still. There arose a sound of subdued music through the mansion. It was no delusion. Every one heard it—servants included—heard it distinctly, and could follow the old

derburn and his sons went with him. There was no one at the door; but the rustling of silk dresses was again heard, and the other noises which have been already described. A

☞ **A SCHOOLBOY'S ASPIRATION.**—Oh, how I wish I were a fountain!—for then I could be always playing.

☞ Why is a grainfield like a group of children? Because when the heads bend and bow, they should be cradled.

[illegible]







## Wit and Humor.

## ABOUT BEANS.

An important question was solved in the course of a legal investigation before a referee in this city on Saturday. Dignified and able lawyers were engaged, and an eminent legal functionary presided. Among other things the fact was brought out that the defendant had had some beans of the plaintiff, but how many was not known. A witness was on the stand to prove the quantity, if possible. So the plaintiff's counsel went to work to extract the proof, and the following dialogue took place:

Plaintiff's Counsel—"Well, sir, do you know whether the defendant had any beans of the plaintiff?"

Witness—"Yes, sir, he had some beans."

Counsel—"Well, sir, how many beans did he have?"

Witness—"Well, I should judge from what he said."

Defendant's Counsel—"We object to your judging. What did he say?"

Witness—"I should judge from our conversation."

Defendant's Counsel—"We don't want you to judge. We want you to tell what he said."

[Here a dispute arose between the opposing counsel, which lasted some minutes.]

Plaintiff's Counsel—"Well, how many beans did he say he had?"

Witness—"Judging from what he said, he had about a bushel and a-half."

Defendant's Counsel (sharply)—"You have been told repeatedly that we did not want you to judge. We want you to tell what he said."

Witness—"Well, if you want to know exactly what he said, I can tell you."

Counsel—"Go on, then, and tell what he said."

Witness—"Well, he said he had beans enough to last a good while."

This brought an explosion from the Court, lawyers, witnesses and spectators. It settled the question that beans enough "to last a good while" is a "bushel and a-half."—*Omaha Palladium.*

ANECDOTES OF O'CONNELL.—We breakfasted at Mr. Clancy's house, at Charleville. Mr. O'Connell talked away for the amusement of the party who had assembled to meet him.

"I was once," he said, "counsel for a cow-stealer, who was clearly convicted—the sentence was transportation for fourteen years."

At the end of that time he returned, and happening to meet me, he began to talk about the trial. I asked him how he always had managed to steal the fat cows to which he gravely answered: "Why, then, I'll tell your honor the whole secret of that, sir. Whenever your honor goes to steal a cow, always go on the worst night you can, for if the weather is very bad, the chances are that nobody will be up to see your honor. The way you'll always know the fat cattle in the dark, is by this token—that the fat cows always stand out in the more exposed places—but the lean ones always go into the ditch for shelter." So," continued O'Connell, "I got that lesson in cow-stealing gratis from my worthy client."

We spoke of the recent political meetings; and, alluding to a certain orator, I observed that when a speaker averred with much earnestness that his speech was unprepared, I never felt inclined to believe him. Mr. O'Connell laughed. "I remember," said he, "a young barrister named B.—once came to consult me on a case in which he was retained, and begged my permission to read for me the draft of a speech he intended to deliver at the trial, which was to come on in about a fortnight. I assented; whereupon he began to read: 'Gentlemen of the jury, I pledge you my honor as a gentleman, that I did not know until this moment I should have to address you in this case.' 'Oh, that's enough!' cried I; 'consult somebody else—that specimen is quite enough for me!'"—*Cor. New York Tablet.*

JERROLDIANA.—"That tune," said somebody in the company once, "always carries me away with it." "Will nobody whistle it?" said Jerrold, instantly.

The late Mrs. Glover, at another time, was complaining that her hair turned gray, and attributed it to her using essence of lavender.

"Nay, my dear lady, essence of thyme," (time) was his remark.

"Call that a kind man?" said an actor, speaking of an absent acquaintance—"a man who is away from his family, and never sends me a farthing! Call that kindness?" "Unremitting kindness," Jerrold chuckled.

Once a man was rather bering the people assembled, by asking them to guess what he had for dinner. At last he revealed it—"He had enjoyed a dish of 'calves' tails." "Extremes meet," was Jerrold's instant compliment.

Mr. Albert Smith was the target for one of Jerrold's keenest and wittiest shafts. The hero of Mont Blanc was once, in Jerrold's company, not over modestly insinuating a resemblance between his own writings and those of Goldsmith. "A great deal of the Smith, but very little of the Gold," was Jerrold's witty and sarcastic comment.

FLESH IS GRASS.—Bishop Hughes, in a sermon to his parishioners, repeated the quotation that "All flesh is grass." The season was Lent, and a few days afterwards he encountered Terrence O'Connell, who appeared to have something on his mind.

"The top of the mornin' to your reverence," said Terrence; "did I fairly understand your reverence to say 'All flesh is grass,' last Sunday?"

"To be sure you did," replied the bishop, "and you are a heretic if you doubt it?"

"Oh, devil a bit do I doubt anything your reverence says," said the wily Terrence; "but if your reverence please, I wish to know whether, in this Lent time, I could not be after having a small piece of bafe, by the way of a salad?"

GOING TO STROKE.—The Bangor Whig mentions a case of getting married, where the bridegroom came down to Bangor from Carmel and purchased a pair of white silk gloves and two gallons of New England Rum to celebrate the nuptial ceremonies.



SEA-SHORE SCENE.

The course of true love never yet ran smooth! Here's poor Young Wiggins anxious to meet the being he adores, but cannot do so, because the newly-pitched boat upon which he has been sitting, has caught him Alive O!

## Agricultural.

## PECULIARITY OF FORM. CONTRACTED FEET.

BY HARRY HIEOVER.

As I before stated, the great mistake persons make as regards contracted feet, arises from their not attributing their existence to the right cause. To reason by analogy, we see a man walking apparently in great pain, arising from gout, or some other painful affection of the feet. We might be tempted to attribute this to the tightness of the shoe pressing on the foot; this may possibly be the case, if he has inadvertently put on a pair too tight for him; but the narrowness of the shoe is not the origin of the disease, nor has it brought it on; to show the validity of this remark, take off the tight shoes, he will of course walk with more ease; but substitute an easy pair of list slippers, he would still be a cripple. So it is with the horse: could we enlarge the crust of the foot till the internal part of it would be like a cricket-ball in a hat, the horse would still be lame. In one respect I admit my analogy of the gouty man in tight shoes fails to represent the horse with contracted feet: the shoe worn by the man might be perchance abundantly too small for the ailing foot, not being a part of it; but the crust of the horse's feet, following the shrinking of the internal part, consequently we have no reason to suppose they press more on it than when the whole foot was in its original form. I should say, in either case the rational mode of proceeding would be to cure or palliate the gout in the man, and do the same by whatever disease affects the internal part of the horse's foot; they will both then in time go comparatively sound, if not quite so.

To the same mistakes as regards the origin of contracted foot may be attributed the various impotent contrivances for curing them. You would not now see Mr. Field, or any other veterinary surgeon of eminence, cutting nearly through the wall of the foot perpendicularly from the coronet to the base; yet this was a favorite old practice. These slashes took nearly twelve months to grow out; the horse was turned to grass great part of the time; his corn was stopped, and he got perfect rest. If at the end of the twelve months he came up sound, or comparatively so, the farrier, for we will call him nothing else, rejoiced in his performance, and was thought, as Pat would say, "a great man entirely." The absolute rest for so long a period, possibly a dose or two of physic, and the cool moisture, to a great degree allaying the fevered ailment of the foot, produced the change of the practitioner boasted of having effected. I am not prepared to say but that cutting through the crust of the foot, rude and unnecessary as was the operation, might not aid the return of the foot to its natural size; for, if fever had contracted it and caused it to shrink, so a return, or partial return, to a healthy state would cause a disposition to expand; and this slashing practice enabled it to do so simply by weakening the crust—an effect to be produced by a far finer and more scientific process, namely, raising the wall or crust till it manifests the required yielding property, so as not to militate against any efforts nature, aided by art, might make towards a reinstatement of the foot to its original health and size.

There are three symptoms by which we may judge of something wrong existing in the internal foot—the horse going lame, showing indication of pain, or outward appearance; and here let me observe there are diseases that may neither lame, subject the animal to pain, or alter the outward appearance of the foot, and yet be going on. Of course in such case we are, and must be, in the dark; for it is quite clear that, while no symptom of disease appears, no remedy would be applied; not even when lameness, or manifestation of pain, challenge our attention, can we at all times come to a definite conclusion as to the exact cause of the ailment. It is in these cases the operation of neurotomy (or, in common terms, nerving) has been performed; it stops all lameness from pain, or even the sensation of pain felt by the animal; but in many cases the disease continues its insidious course, till a small blow from any obstacle on the road causes the horse to cast off his entire hoof, as we might a slipper. Thus it will be seen that, though the internal part of the foot withers and loses its vitality, it does not invariably follow that the crust diminishes in accordance with it; thus a horse may have apparently a sound and healthy-looking foot, yet be the unfortunate owner of a very diseased one.

There are, however, two sure signs of disease existing, though it may not have arrived at such pitch as to cause alteration in the outward form of the foot. These are—alteration in gait, when not amounting to absolute lameness, and the horse resting first one leg, then the other, showing evident uneasiness. Now it perhaps may happen that the horse has, in stable language, "a favorite leg,"—that is, he is always favoring one by putting it forward, so as to take all weight of the body off it. Grooms, dealers, and many owners will tell you, "It is a trick of his," or "a way he has," and many persons, whether the owner or not, are quite satisfied that it is so. Let me advise my reader to believe no such thing: a sound horse stands firm and straight on his legs; those that do not are more or less lame one, or, at all events, something is going on that will in time render them so.

Again, horses are often seen, in the stable and out holding perhaps, alternately, a foot completely off the ground; scarcely a foot not only in pain, but in agony. True, the whip may force him to go, and if both legs or (far more probably) feet are afflicted alike, he may not apparently go lame,—that is, he will not go unequally like the horse lame only with one. But how does the poor animal go? Why, like a man shuffling along with a pair of slippers down at heel. In this way he may be made to do the work of a sound one, supposing his master to be devoid of every feeling of humanity that should influence the acts of man. A horse, when he has come to this state, is beyond cure, probably beyond the reach of palliation. Here is a proper subject for the operation of nerving; for though, as I have before stated, it does not stop the disease, it may enable the horse (being relieved from pain) to go on with his work probably for some years. For, if the complaint he labors under lames, from the pain it occasions only, it is quite clear if we relieve the pain we relieve the lameness, though not the disease. It is very true that in occult disease we must in some cases trust to chance when we nerve the horse, as to whether the disease is one only causing lameness from the pain it creates, or whether it is one that will eventually undermine the whole fabric of the foot, in which case, as I have stated, it is possible the horse may in progress of time lose his hoof. Even in such case, he will probably have worked as long without pain as the greatest inhumanity could have made him do with; and as losing the hoof is a possible circumstance, so it is a rare one, and should not deter us from having recourse to neurotomy, when less desperate remedies have failed, and we find the animal reduced to the state of agonizing pain I have described; for there must be a limit to the exertion he is capable of under such suffering—a period that stops the services of the horse, and is a very inadequate punishment to any owner who could be guilty of the inhumanity of using an animal in such a state.

—*London Field.*

TO ASCERTAIN THE WEIGHT OF LIVE STOCK.—First see that the animal stands square, then, with a string, take his circumference just behind the shoulderblade, and measure the feet and inches: this is the *girth*. Then measure from the bone of the tail which plumbs the line from the hinder part of the bullock, and direct the string along the back to the forepart of the shoulderblade, and this will be the *length*. Then work the figures thus: supposed girth of the animal, 6 feet 4 inches, length 5 feet 3 inches, which multiplied together give 33 square superficial feet; and this multiplied by 23 (the number of pounds allowed for each superficial foot of cattle measuring less than 7, and more than 5 feet in girth,) make 759 lbs. When the animal measures less than 5, and more than 3, multiply the girth by the length, and the product by 19 for its weight. We have seen these rules tested, and believe them sufficiently accurate in computing the weight of live stock.—*Ivan.*

A WARNING.—COWS POISONED BY WILD CHERRY.—The Ohio Farmer reports that a man having occasion to cut down a small wild cherry tree, threw the branches over the fence into the road or common, and that two cows, after eating the leaves, died within twenty minutes, and within fifty feet of the place. That Prussic Acid is contained in the leaves, &c., of this tree, we were aware; but did not suppose it existed in sufficient quantity to produce such effects. The public would be benefited if every circumstance connected with this case, which tends to show that death was produced by the cherry leaves and nothing else, were more fully stated; also, if any one who knows of any facts of a similar nature would give them publicity. Meanwhile, a prudent caution seems to dictate that care be taken to prevent cattle from browsing upon the brush of this tree.

## APPLE-TREE BORER.

There is no doubt that the apple-tree borer has become widely spread through several States, and that many have their orchards infected with it, who do not at all suspect its presence, who never saw it, and indeed who may not know that such a depredator exists. Its inconspicuous appearance leads to this oversight.

The perfect insect or beetle varies from five-eighths to three-fourths of an inch in length, the males being smaller and more slender. It is covered with a fine whitish down, and has three brownish stripes. These insects deposit their eggs in the bark of the tree, near the surface of the earth, in the early part of summer, and only by night, when they are numerous, they often lay their eggs higher up, and in the forks of the larger branches. To prevent laying their eggs, soft soap deposited in the forks and rubbed about the bottom, has been found efficacious. Downing applied a mixture of tobacco water, sulphur and soap, with success; but Dr. Fitch thinks all its virtue lay in the soap. When the eggs hatch, they produce a small maggot, whitish, with a yellowish head. It eats into the bark and discolors it for a small distance around, and if the dry outer bark be scraped off at the end of summer or first of autumn, these dark spots will show where they are commencing their depredations, and now is the time to kill them most easily, which may be done at this stage by washing the scraped bark with strong ley.

At a latter stage they cut into the sap wood, and throw out their saw dust, when they may be punched to death with a small twig. Still later, and when larger, they go into the heart wood, and now for the first, pack their saw dust excrements into the hole after them, rendering it more difficult to reach them. Hence the importance of taking them early.

We would recommend every orchardist to look closely to his trees at all times—to coat with soft soap early in summer—to scrape the outer bark later in summer, for the dark spots, if he has any reason to fear their presence, and to kill the young maggot at once. If left later, their presence is shown by the saw dust appearances around their holes in the bark, when they must be cut out with a knife, or punched to death. At any stage the knife may be freely used to cut them out, for wounds by cutting are better than death by the borer. At all times exercise watchfulness and vigilance, and be satisfied with nothing short of actually killing the insect.—*Country Gentleman.*

HORSES AND MULES.—The breeding of horses is a subject of vast importance to our country, and improvements in stock are being made in isolated sections of country, but the great mass of farmers breed from good, bad and indifferent mares, and from stallions of a like character. So long as this state of things lasts comparatively few good horses will be raised, and these mostly in the hands of strictly horse-dealers, few of them remaining in the hands of farmers. Fancy combined with speed is all right in the regular horse breeder or amateur farmer, but the amount of money invested in such precarious property will effectually exclude them from general use. Could we have pony-made fourteen hundred horses, we certainly would think them best; but very few such ever came to our knowledge, and now, in the absence of such, we take it upon our shoulders to recommend mules, as being the best and most profitable animal for farm use. Our reasons for this recommendation are—

First.—The draught power of the mule is equal to a good horse. I mean such mules as are being bred in many places.

Second.—The endurance of the mule is unquestionably much greater than that of the horse.

Third.—The expense of keeping is much less. It is well known that mules will labor on feed that a horse would scarcely live on without labor.

Fourth.—The mule is much less liable to sickness and premature death. In fact they are seldom sick.

Fifth.—They live to a great age, nearly, if not quite, double that of the horse.—*Correspondent of the Prairie Farmer.*

RATES OF INTEREST IN MINNESOTA AND ELSEWHERE.—The Sabbath evening meeting at the Methodist church is a famous resort for the young people including the girls. The church doesn't always take them all in, and some of the "boys" have to stand under the window outside. Old Deacon Dan is an excellent man in his way. He is a money-lender, and has an excellent faculty of getting "oil-fired big rates." Well, the old man was down for a prayer the other night. The brethren were putting in the tallest kind of "anecdotes," and the old man getting on a powerful unction, when, lifting up his voice like a western thunder, he roared out: "Oh, Lord, give us greater interest in heaven!" A young rascal outside, under the promptings of the moment, in reply, sung out at the very top of his voice: "Hold on, old man! You're in for five per cent. a month down here, and don't cry out for anything worse up there!" The deacon didn't rise any higher on that occasion.—*Corres. Portland Advertiser.*

THE ORIGIN OF A FAMOUS PHRASE.—When in the synod of Peloponnesian chiefs, Themistocles re-opened the discussion and prematurely expressed his fears and anxiety as to the abandonment of Salamis, the Corinthian Admetus rebuked him by saying: "Themistocles, those who in the public festival-matches rise up before the proper signal, are scourged." "True," rejoined the Athenian, "but those who lag behind the signal win no crowns." Admetus then lifted up his stick to strike Themistocles; upon which the latter addressed to him the well known observation, "Strike; but hear me."

WORKWOOD WORDS.—When a very young man, Theodore D'Aubigne, having been introduced at court, was sitting on a bench before the palace. Three of the Queen's maids of honor, whose united ages made a hundred and forty years, came up to him. They tried their best to turn him into ridicule, and one of them said impudently to him, "What are you contemplating there, sir?" "The antiquities of the court," he replied. They quickly saw that here was a youth whom it would be dangerous to have for an enemy. Smothering their anger and shame, they strove to win his friendship.

## The Riddler.

## GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 23 letters.

My 15, 9, 4, 5, 3, 2, 22, is a powerful country in Europe.

My 10, 11, 8, 4, 19, 15, is another powerful country in Europe.

My 9, 20, 2, 5, 7, 23, 8, 22, 21, 25, 9, is one of the most powerful nations of the earth.

My 20, 3, 31, 15, 27, 6, 14, 19, 23, 32, 2, 26, is another one of the most powerful nations of the earth.

My 2, 26, 32, 19, 15, 28, 32, is one of the United States.

My 12, 20, 19, 28, is another one of the United States.

My 13, 16, 17, 27, 29, 26, is one of the Territories.

My 1, 13, 26, 33, 32, is a town in Montgomery County, New York.

My 21, 15, 5, 10, 19, 8, 13, 26, is the name of a County in Virginia, Mississippi, Texas, Kentucky, Ohio, Indiana, Missouri, Iowa, also the name of one of the Presidents.

My 21, 7, 26, 10, 12, is a County in Virginia, Georgia, Alabama, Tennessee, Kentucky, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri and Iowa.

My 12, 22, 22, 11, 8, is a County and Town in New York.

My whole is a precept that all should practice.

New York. N. QUIRE.

## MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 23 letters.

My 9, 10, 12, 11, is a water fowl.

My 3, 6, 5, is an organ of the body.

My 19, 21, 6, 4, 15, 5, 6, are the most celebrated falls in the world.

My 8, 6, 7, is a boy's nickname.

My 15, 16, 6, 7, is a girl's name.

My 9, 3, 4, 9, is an important part of the human body.

My 5, 21, 14, 4, 5, 19, 8, 12, is a river forming a part of the southern boundary of the United States.

My 22, 23, 1, is a term, used by wholesale merchants.

My 17, 14, 15, is a term used by coal miners.

My 10, 21, 15, is that which we are all liable to do.

My 20, 19, 19, is much used by tanners.

My whole is the name and title of a Russian nobleman.

Kensington, Pa. COLUMBIA.

## GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 15 letters.

My 1, 5, 3, 9, 15, 13, is a lady's name.

My 14, 11, 2, 8, is a county in Pennsylvania.

My 7, 15, 9, is a river in Scotland.

My 6, 12, 15, is a kind of grain.

My 10, 8, 10, 3, 12, is a town in France.

My 4, 14, 10, 1, 12, is a man's name.

My 5, 11, 2, 2, 5, is a town in Peru.

My 9, 15, 8, 12, is the name of a celebrated statesman.

My 2, 19, 5, 11, 9, is a county in Michigan.

My 7, 5, is a lady's name.

My 11, 8, 3, 9, 10, 14, is a county in Wisconsin.

My whole is the name of one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence.

W. C. B.

## RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

In a garden of old as you've often been told, I was good mother Eve's bosom friend; I have ever since been the companion of men, I have seen in their turn I attend.

I am very well known both in country and town, Scarce a clown but submits to my power; Though a native of earth, I claim from heaven my birth, And in both I exist every hour.

I'm immortal truth, yet unconstant as youth, Avaricious and also profuse; I am free as the air, yet confined like a bear, And in chains I oft suffer abuse.

I have oft kindled war, yet am free to declare, My delight ever centres in peace; Though I give to the poor, I never lessen my store, But abundantly find it increase.

I oft weddings attend, and the married befriending, Yet am sometimes turned out of the door, And when this is the case, they with shame and disgrace, Say I'm banished because they are poor.

I'm of every bane, make the cruel humane, Yet when thwarted, barbarian I turn; Preserve life if I will, yet I oftentimes kill, And with jealousy furious I burn.

When my banner's unfurled, I can sway the whole world, Yet am subject to whim and caprice; Though I'm gentle and true, I can tyrannize too; Now tell what I am in a trice.

GAHMEW.

## CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is a river, in Italy 'tis found;

My second's a stream upon Virginia's ground;

My third you have met after your year's turn;

My whole's a root that is good to eat.

Pequign, Pa. ALPHA.

## ANAGRAMS.

ON THE NAMES OF SOME OF THE U. STATES.

I name. A dry land, M.

E, read law. Rod, fall.

Vale, spy an inn. In a frolic.

I hang, mile. Oh! land is red.

Sin in cows. Oil us Nala.

## ALGEBRAICAL QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Find ten numbers, such that the first 1-5 of all the rest shall make \$25,000; the second with 1-6 of all the rest shall make \$45,000; the third with 1-7 of all the rest shall make \$65,000; the fourth with 1-8 of all the rest shall make \$85,000; the fifth with 1-9 of all the rest shall make \$105,000; the sixth with 1-10 of all the rest shall make \$125,000; the seventh with 1-11 of all the rest shall make \$145,000; the eighth with 1-12 of all the rest shall make \$165,000; the ninth with 1-13 of all the rest shall make \$185,000; the tenth with 1-14 of all the rest shall make \$205,000.

DANIEL DIEFENBACH.

Croftersville, Snyder Co., Pa.

## CONUNDRUMS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

[?] Why is an Irishman running a foot-race like the letter N? Ans.—Because it makes Pat pant.

[?] If you hire a man to transport your business for a limited time, why is he like a terrible scold? Ans.—Because he's a fermagant (term agent).

[?] What is the difference between a bunch of flowers and a drunkard's nasal appendage? Ans.—One is a nosegay and the other's a gaw nose.

[?] Why was a celebrated Emperor of Rome like the letter P? Ans.—Because it's Nero (Near O).

[?] Why should you suppose that it would be natural for the natives of the Emerald Isle to be more angry than other people? Ans.—Because they are born in Ireland.

GAHMEW.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.—The Transatlantic Telegraph. MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.—John Paul Jones. MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.—Made enough's vision on Lake Champlain. CHARADE.—Pot-top-com-pun-sap-1-com-1m.

RIDDLE.—What (best-est) CHARADE.—Guthrie. ANAGRAMS.—New Haven, New York, New Brunswick, Albany, Wheeling, Providence, Oswego, Manchester, Boston, Portland, Troy, Detroit.